



AS SHE PROCEEDED TO UNFASTEN THE BLIND OF THE OTHER WINDOW.

THE
RAILROAD FORGER

AND

THE DETECTIVES.

BY

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"THE EXPRESSMAN AND THE DETECTIVE," "THE MODEL TOWN AND THE
DETECTIVES," "THE SPIRITUALISTS AND THE DETECTIVES," "THE
MOLLIE MAGUIRES AND THE DETECTIVES," "STRIKERS,
COMMUNISTS, TRAMPS AND DETECTIVES," "THE
GYPSIES AND THE DETECTIVES,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.,

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CHAPTER I.

"DESK-ROOM TO LET,"—THE NEW TENANT AS A POLITE AND BUSINESS-LIKE REAL ESTATE AGENT—A MYSTERIOUS DEPARTURE.

FEW persons who have sojourned in any of our large cities can fail to have seen the announcement of "Desk-room to Let." It is one quite peculiar to trade centres, and is rarely to be met with save in the busiest of business quarters.

However little of interest the sign may have for the ordinary pedestrian, to the detective, like myself, it is often quite suggestive. Most frequently the impulse is to regard the spot with attention as one in which, as the reporters say, "further developments may be expected."

In the latter months of the year 186— a notice of "Desk-room to Let" was displayed on a card-board sign at the entrance hall of No. 323 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. The building was a large one, let out in separate offices, except that the second floor was occupied entirely by the printing establishment of Mr. E. M. Grattan. The composing and press-rooms of Mr. Grattan covered

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about five sixths of the area of his tenement. The remaining space, front, was a small office, entered by a distinct door from the landing, and communicating by a rearward door with the printing rooms.

This office had two windows facing out on Chestnut Street; and though quite unpretentious in its appointments, was a cozy and pleasant-looking apartment. The floor was covered with a gaily-striped fiber matting; some lithographed specimens and pictorial trade cards hung on the painted walls, and a small fire-proof safe was disposed in one of the corners. In a railed inclosure near one of the windows stood a polished walnut-wood desk, faced with green leather, and a cushioned office chair to match. A larger desk extended from the other window toward the door of the printing room. A medium-sized parlor stove, two or three cane-seat chairs, and a clock, completed the total of office equipment.

At the desk last mentioned was usually to be seen a young gentleman—fair and blue-eyed—named Miller, who officiated with zeal as the printer's book-keeper and order clerk. The other desk, within the railing, had formerly been used by Mr. Grattan himself; but as the young book-keeper had become conversant with his business, its clerical requirements almost entirely devolved upon him, and the larger desk was found adequate for every purpose. Hence was the walnut-wood desk "to let."

About the middle of November a stranger stepped jauntily into Mr. Grattan's office, to ask for information about the tenantless desk. He was a tall, spruce, business-like gentleman, apparently about thirty years of age, and had a pale and somewhat delicate countenance, framed, in part, by short, dark side-whiskers. He was quite genteelly, if not fashionably, dressed, and his pliancy of tone, and air of easy assumption, betokened the native of these sovereign States. The skill with which he expressed and expectorated tobacco juice, might be reckoned by some observers as an evidence to the same effect.

When the visitor announced his purpose, the book-keeper summoned Mr. Grattan, who chanced at the moment to be in the printing room. That gentleman at once came forth, tendered the stranger a chair, and then peered expectantly at him through his gold-rimmed glasses. The latter was not long in introducing himself, and, indeed, was almost needlessly explicit in justifying his own purpose.

His name was Cone, he said,—Thomas H. Cone, from Paterson, New Jersey, where he had been in business for several years. He had sold out in October from his late undertaking, and designed to start a first-class real estate agency in the spring. Some prior business relations with the City of Brotherly Love had induced him to select it as the theatre of his new enterprise. Already he had been appointed agent for some nice cottage property, owned by a friend at Germantown, just north of the city; other agencies had been promised him from the new year; and it was not at all unlikely he should invest some of his own funds in suburban building lots. All this was rattled off with fluent plausibility.

"Meanwhile," pursued Mr. Cone, "I have only to watch the market closely, and shall not require a separate office for many months to come. I have concluded that a desk for my correspondence, in some location where I can mature my business plans, will answer all present purposes. Now, your place, Mr. Grattan, is so centrally situated, and so handy to the post office, banks, and so forth, that when I saw the notice down-stairs I was at once taken with it. If agreeable, therefore, I should like to become your tenant. I shall not be very much in your way, so long as my business is undeveloped, nor shall I have many callers, except, perhaps, the mail carrier and the expressman. Let's see; which is the desk? what rent do you ask for it?"

Mr. Grattan indicated the desk within the railing; and suggested ten dollars per month.

On the succeeding day the gentleman installed himself in the office, and thenceforth attended with reasonable regularity, principally in the forenoons. He was chatty and pleasant of demeanor, and proved to be quite an agreeable business neighbour.

If conclusions were to be drawn from the regularity of Mr. Cone's correspondence, his business was indeed full of promise. He seldom came in of a morning without bringing letters from the post-office. These he was wont to set out before him methodically on the desk. With much ostentation he would then examine each communication, and proceed to indite the replies. The folding, enveloping, and addressing of these letters would next be accomplished with like formality; and he always, on leaving, carried his own mail to the post-office. Not a torn envelope or a spoiled letter sheet was ever left behind after his forenoon's task.

On two or three occasions express parcels containing money came to the office of Mr. Cone, and as this class of remittances are mostly delivered in the forenoon he was on hand to receive them personally. His identification in such cases as "T. H. Cone, Real Estate Broker," was easily effected through Mr. Grattan. He even became slightly known to the Adams' Express agent, through the incidental exchange of pleasant remarks, while engaged in receipting for his packages.

At Thanksgiving, Christmastide, and in the New Year holidays, Cone was absent each time for three or four days.

When, from the second week of the new year, his absence was more protracted than usual, Mr. Grattan, for a time, thought nothing special of it, except, that his desk rent would be a little delayed. As my readers will learn, however, he might just as well have hung out again, the notice of, "Desk-room to Let."

CHAPTER II.

A TROUBLESOME VALENTINE.—A ROGUE ABOVE THE AVERAGE.—“NOT THE SLIGHTEST CLUE.”

AT the period of which I write, and almost within a stone's throw of Mr. Grattan's office, my Agency in Philadelphia, had been several years in operation, and was then, as now, a highly important branch of my detective machinery. It was under the superintendency, as at the present time, of one of my most accomplished aids, Robert J. Linden. From my earliest experience in the profession—and I was the first in this country to organize a National Detective Agency—I had realized the necessity, for the more certain discovery and effectual pursuit of criminals, of locating permanently, in some of the largest cities, the flower of my resources in detective ability.

Mr. Linden, I have said, had charge of the Philadelphia Agency. Comparatively young in years, he is ripened in intellect, and rich with treasures of observation.

On the morning of the 14th of February, Mr. Linden was seated in the office of the Agency, when a clerk came in to announce a call from Mr. E. Coleman, Superintendent at Philadelphia, of the Adams' Express. As for years previously, I had transacted the detective business of the company, Mr. Coleman was well-known, and at once admitted. The gentlemen exchanged greetings cordially, but the visitor had a vexed and serious air, as he sat down, and there was a visible strain in the cheerfulness with which he introduced his mission.

“Linden, I hope you have got through with your Valentines,” he said, throwing a folded letter on the table; “I want you to take a peep at that little one of mine.”

My superintendent responded to this pleasantry only by a smile ; for he readily divined there were graver matters on hand than the love missives of the season. He then took up the letter, which he opened out, and carefully read through to the end.

It was a communication to Coleman from the Treasurer of the Express Company, in New York—Mr. J. S. Babcock—and apprised him briefly, that two certain drafts which he had sent forward for collection on the 10th day of January, and of which the proceeds were duly remitted to Philadelphia, for account of T. H. Cone, 323 Chestnut street, were now ascertained to have been stolen from the mails, and negotiated under forged endorsements. The drafts were for amounts of \$929.86 and \$322.85, and were drawn respectively on the Metropolitan and Fourth National Banks of New York. The treasurer expressed a hope that in paying over the money to Cone the proper steps had been taken for his identification ; so that the company might now look to him—if, indeed, there were such a person at all—for the reimbursement of its loss. Mr. Babcock's letter, as though he clearly saw the true state of affairs, concluded with the remark, that if the fellow were caught, the drafts would be on hand, to prove the fact of forgery.

Mr. Linden looked up from the perusal of this letter.

"Your bird has flown, of course?" he tranquilly inquired of Mr. Coleman.

"Flown!" exclaimed the latter, with energy. "I should say he has flown, the scoundrel, and so clean away that I can't find the smallest clue to his whereabouts."

"Ah! indeed," was the quiet interjection of Mr. Linden, who was reviewing in thought the contents of the letter.

"No, sir, not a clue," repeated Mr. Coleman, quickly. "I have merely to ask you to find us this T. H. Cone, that we may give him a taste of the State prison."

"Yes, yes," replied Linden, smiling in spite of himself, at his neighbour's impetuosity; "we shall catch the fellow,

no doubt, but we must proceed systematically. You have doubtless called at this address of his, three-twenty-three, Chestnut !”

Mr. Coleman answered in the affirmative, and then hastily repeated to my superintendent, the particulars about Mr. Grattan's desk-tenant.

“So that's all you could learn of Mr. Cone ?” inquired Linden, musingly, when Mr. Coleman had ended his recital.

“That's all,” responded the latter, with unaffected chagrin. “The simpleton of a printer, doesn't even know where the fellow lodged or lived ; he can only recall vaguely some allusions he made to his boarding at a Mr. Lorker's at Columbia avenue and Twentieth street.

“It is plain that we have a shrewd, experienced rogue to deal with,” now observed Mr. Linden, “and the worst of it is, he has got a clear month's start of us. However, we must try and pick up the fellow's trail in some way. I propose that we first make a call, together, in Chestnut street. Have you time to come along ?”

“Oh ! yes, by all means,” answered the express superintendent.

CHAPTER III.

A CURIOUS LITTLE INCIDENT—ONLY AN OLD SCRAP OF BLOTTING
PAPEK—WHAT A MIRROR REFLECTED—SLENDER THREADS OF
EVIDENCE BEING DELICATELY FOLLOWED.

THE two superintendents at once went out, and were speedily in Mr. Grattan's office, seated with that gentleman by the abandoned desk.

But, beyond what is already recorded, Mr. Grattan really knew nothing of consequence. He furnished, to

the best of his ability, a personal description of Cone, which was carefully copied down by Superintendent Linden.

The blonde young book-keeper, Mr. Miller, was next submitted to an interrogatory, and with numerous blushes told what he recollected of Mr. Cone. He disclosed nothing new, however, except a curious little incident that pertained to one of Cone's absences.

On the occasion named, he had unaccountably requested Miller to open any parcel that should come to the office for him. It was after New Year's, and a parcel from Trenton, was brought in by the money messenger of Adams' Express. The narrator paid the charges, and received and opened the package, but found to his surprise that it contained only railroad time-tables, and no inclosure of pecuniary value. When Cone, on his return, was informed of the circumstance, he glibly remarked that his friend must have forgotten to put the money in; and when writing, he should give him a good "raking up" for it. Two or three days after he exclaimed quite incidentally, "Oh! Miller, I got a check to-day for that fifty dollars that was left out of my Trenton parcel. It was just as I supposed, a stupid blunder." This had occurred shortly before Mr. Cone left.

"Not much blundering about those express transactions" muttered Linden to Mr. Coleman; "they rather look to me like a plan to scrape acquaintance with your officers, and thus pave the way to an easy identification."

Coleman nodded a rueful assent.

The professional zeal of Linden was now thoroughly aroused; and he directed his attention to the desk by which they were seated, and which he had learned was Cone's.

"Mr. Grattan," said he tersely, "let us see if your tenant has left any papers."

Mr. Linden looked anxiously into the now opened desk.

There were cards, letter paper and envelopes of "T. H. Cone Real Estate Agent," all primly arranged in their several places; but that was all.

Mr. Coleman turned away in disgust.

But suddenly Linden's attention became riveted on one of the articles in the desk. Casually regarded, or by a casual observer, the object would have been passed by as unworthy of notice. But in the science of criminal detection there is nothing too mean or trifling to be entirely without significance. Therefore it was that Mr. Linden's attention had been fascinated by a little square of blotting sheet, no larger of surface than a page of note paper. But it was also a much-used piece, thumb-soiled and frayed at the edges, and scarred all over with a network of ink marks.

"I wonder if Cone ever used that thing when writing his letters? Wonder if anything could be deciphered from it? If I could only pick out a name, or an address, from that tangle of ink stains, who knows what it might lead to? I shall certainly have a trial for it, anyhow;" such were the drift and the conclusion of his self-colloquy.

Without daring to give publicity to his hopes, he took up the old blotting sheet, and quietly placed it in the leaves of his pocket memorandum, Mr. Grattan looking on in complete mystification. Having next cautioned the printer and his book-keeper to have nothing to say about this visit and its purpose, the superintendent made a sign to Mr. Coleman, and with him left the office. Arrived at the corner of South Third street, he requested that gentleman to excuse him for a while, and promising to confer with him again in the course of the day, turned his steps once more to the Agency.

A few minutes later Mr. Linden had locked himself into his private room, and might be seen—if any were there to see—standing in the full light of the window, and gazing anxiously into a looking-glass which he had suspended from the sash-fastener. As the crystal surface

gave back its labyrinthine inkmarks in their true direction, at least the *elements* of writing became discernible. But oh, in what disorder, in what disheartening chaos!

At length, when his eyes were aching with weariness, he began on a fresh series of heavy marks, and clung to them tenaciously across the inky maze. Thus he possessed himself, by painful degrees, of two initials, and a distinct name. Somewhat lower down, and parallel, the word "Ohio" had already shaped itself to his perception; and his heart now beat fast with anticipations of success.

Slowly, slowly, but distinctly, one by one, the letters disengaged themselves, and took order in his sight. At last he had the material for a complete word, and with an exclamation of mingled relief and triumph, he rushed from the window to his desk, and wrote out in great, bold characters—as if otherwise it might escape him—the following address:—

WILLIAM R. WALES,

Redrock,

Ohio.

Was it a secret at all? Had it any value, as related to the forger, Cone? Well, to one of these doubts, at least, a solution was easily procurable. So Linden telegraphed immediately, in the name of the Express Company, to the agent of the American Express at Redrock, to inquire if a person named W. R. Wales resided in that vicinity; his message being so worded as to suggest merely a difficulty about the proprietorship of some stray parcel.

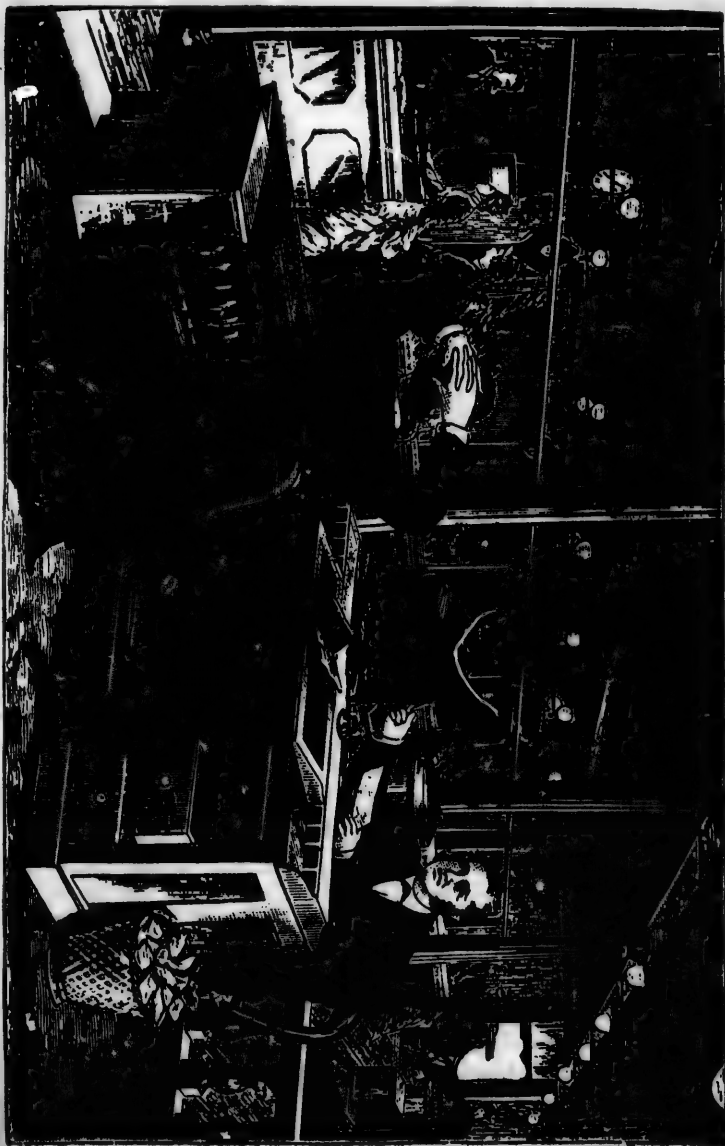
In an hour from that time the superintendent called over on Mr. Coleman, and found that gentleman wrestling sturdily with the answer to a telegram he had never sent. The mystery was only cleared up for him when Linden narrated his experience with the blotting-paper, and its promising result. The answer of the Redrock express

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MR. LINDEN RELATED HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE BLOTTING PAPER.



agent had been, that a man named W. R. Wales belonged to that village, but was at present away from home.

A clever detective from the Agency was now dispatched up town, to make thorough search for Cone in the neighbourhood where he spoke of having boarded. Nobody knew him, of course, nor any man of his name or description. Mr. Linden also sent a detective to Trenton, and advised the New York Agency to send one to Paterson, each with a mission to hunt up the forger. The former, I will remind my readers, was the city from which Cone received his bogus money parcels: the latter was that in which he claimed to have done business.

The detailed reports of the operation thus entered on were next prepared and dispatched to my New York and Chicago offices. So the day ended.

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER SERIES OF FELONIES DISCOVERED—A PLAN OF OPERATIONS
DECIDED UPON.

MR. COLEMAN, of Adams' Express Company, as my readers have seen, had been keenly mortified by the intelligence conveyed to him in Mr. Babcock's letter.

The following day, came another letter from the treasurer of the company, containing the particulars of such a series of felonies, that he lost not a moment in hastening with the information to my superintendent.

As early as May of the preceeding year, the letter continued, a draft for fifteen hundred dollars was made by a bank at La Crosse, Wisconsin, in favour of Governor C. C. Washburne, and payable in New York at the Bank of North America. Governor Washburne had indorsed this

paper over to his physician, who in turn indorsed it to a Boston firm, to whom he remitted it by mail. Although this firm had never received it, the draft was soon after presented for collection at the Pittsburgh branch of Adams' Express, apparently indorsed by them to one R. L. Dudley of that grimy city. Dudley, identified in the usual manner, had obtained the fifteen hundred dollars; a loss which reverted to the express company when the paying bank discovered that the indorsement to his favour was an undoubted forgery. When the company began to inquire after Dudley he was found to have left Pittsburgh for parts unknown.

In the September following two drafts were put in for collection at the company's office in Newark, New Jersey, by a man who was known as R. D. Randall, and who, on due identification, was enabled to receive the proceeds. These drafts had both been made in Toledo, Ohio, and were drawn on New York banks, in favour of mercantile houses in Boston. The amounts were five hundred dollars in one case, and one hundred dollars in the other; and the parties in whose favour these sums were drawn, and to whom the drafts had been mailed from the West, were severally prepared to testify, not only that they had never received them, and never endorsed them to such a person as R. D. Randall, but that they did not even know him, and their signatures, as used, were flagrant forgeries. Randall, like Dudley, had since disappeared.

The treasurer had also just learned from the officers of the "United States" and "American" express companies, that they, too, had been victimized to the extent of several thousand dollars, on drafts from Quincy, Rock Island, and other places west. The features of resemblance with the frauds on the Adams' company were numerous and striking; and sufficiently attested that one and the same gang had been operating in every case. In one of these outside forgeries, which had been perpetrated at Roches-

ter, New York, the swindler had used the name of S. W. Davis.

Mr. Coleman did not wait to hear Linden's opinion on the disclosures in this grave communication. He therefore took up his hat to depart, saying as he did so, "Linden, you will want a copy of Babcock's letter as one of your campaign documents; I leave it in your care for the present, and shall drop in during the afternoon to hear a little about your plans."

But so far as its general character and scope were concerned, the plan of my representative had already been decided on. Ere yet he had raised his eyes from the signature at the foot of the letter, he had thus concluded to himself: "The best talent and the fullest resources of the National Detective Agency must be at once employed in this operation." In accordance with the requirements of the service he had mailed over night to my general superintendent at New York, Mr. George H. Bangs, and to myself at Chicago, the history of the Cone forgery, down to the discovery on the blotting-paper. He would now telegraph for Mr. Bangs to come on to Philadelphia, and confer with him minutely on the course to be followed.

CHAPTER V

A RIGOROUS AND HEALTHFUL BUSINESS POLICY—THE FIRST FEEBLE
THREAD OF A NET—WAITING.

A SERIES of audacious felonies, committed at intervals during the greater part of a year, had been carried to their consummation at several of our most prominent business centres. The perpetrators had even assumed the functions and surroundings of honest trade.

Their victims, in the cases with which we were specially concerned, were the Adams' Express Company, among the most extensive common carriers in the world. To the care and fidelity of their carrying system, the most important interests of our inland commerce are freely entrusted. Vast quantities of merchandise and untold thousands in money and valuables, are hourly transported by it between widely distant points. Promptitude and civility are obligations on all their servants; unblemished honesty is the *sine qua non*. And, as a corollary to this, neither robbery of their messengers or conveyances, nor fraud nor speculation of their own moneys, have ever been condoned or compromised by the Adams' Express Company.

Now, the patronage with which, in turn, the Adams' Express Company has favoured "Pinkerton's National Detective Agency," is likewise grounded on the policy indicated. In my system and its workings are no such things known as "rewards" or remuneration for services contingent on certain results. My detective force is an organized ally of the correctional laws, to be hired and paid for stated operations, as I am for conducting them to the issue desired. My officers are not accidents, but chosen, salaried associates, who have therefore no motive either for dalliance with crime, or favouritism to criminals. And, above all, being selected as much for sterling devotion to right, as for vigor of intellect and bravery of person, they are the prompt and resolute instruments of that law which sanctions their work. In this regard, our efforts as detectives have been the working counterpart of the Adams' company's policy. And thus the relations between the chiefs of that company, and myself and lieutenants, have ripened into regard from the identity of principle; our methods eliciting their warmest approval; their motives challenging our highest esteem.

All these things Mr. Linden knew, if he did not just then review them in detail; and hence it was he had summoned to his assistance my general superintendent,

On the available features of the operations in hand, he also made some reflections entirely pertinent. A number of drafts mailed in the west had never reached the parties to whom the letters were directed; but instead had been collected on forged endorsements at points in the Eastern and Middle States. Apparently, then, they were stolen from the mails while *en route*, and the thieves should be persons having access to mail matter. The fact that four out of the five drafts reported had originated at Toledo, and the fifth at La Crosse, Wisconsin, located the domain of theft either in the former city, or in the mail routes eastward therefrom. The whole field for detective investigation would therefore be between the branch agencies and the Chicago headquarters. So far, well, thought Mr. Linden.

Again, regarding the case of Cone as a type, there should be confederate forgers outside, to whom this mail thief, or thieves, had passed the stolen drafts. With such confederates, no doubt, lay the crime of forgery, and the felonious utterance of the drafts on the express company. Now, Cone was one of these; that, at least, was clear.

But did Cone, Randall, Dudley, and Davis constitute a gang of confederate forgers?

Probably.

Or were they all one person under these several aliases? Quite possibly.

Was the W. R. Wales, of Redrock, to whom Cone had written, the mail robber in the case?

Impossible; for if he were employed in the mail service, the express agent at Redrock would doubtless have mentioned the fact.

Was he, then, another member of this gang of forgers?

Not unlikely.

And, if neither of these, would the possession of his address assist us in discovering the actual criminals?

"Yes, that it shall," said Mr. Linden to himself, confidently, as he paced his room at the Agency; "it is but

the first feeble thread of a net, but of a net which we shall yet weave strong enough to enmesh these plunderers, one and all."

CHAPTER VI.

NARROWED DOWN TO ONE MAN.—DESIRABILITY OF SECURING THE CO-OPERATION OF THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.—ACTUAL OPERATIONS BEGUN.

IN compliance with a telegraphic summons of Mr. Linden, Mr. Bangs reached Philadelphia about noon of the following day. His arrival at the agency may be regarded as the veritable beginning of the pursuit of the forgers.

But the wide field of criminal mystery lay dark and untrodden beyond. Mail-robbers, forgers, and utterers of forged drafts—of each, one or many—had safely accomplished their villianous schemes; and, shielded by an incognito that seemed impenetrable, were still at large, feasting and rioting, perhaps, on their ill-gotten spoils.

But, build it of whatever material, and however cunningly, the stronghold of crime is but a house of straw. The keenness of honest intellects was now to be measured against the craft of knaves.

In the first of this series of detective stories, in recounting an operation wherein he was brilliantly serviceable, I took occasion to mention that my general superintendent was "a man from the ranks." Mr. Bangs, indeed, is a gentleman who has risen to the heights of his profession, and won the spurs of his chieftaincy, entirely by the force of his own character. At the time of which I write, as yet to-day, he was a man of indomitable and tireless energy.

Before leaving the Empire City, Mr. Bangs had made

calls on Treasurer Babcock, and General Superintendent Henry Sanford of the Adams' Express Company. From the former he obtained all available particulars, with accurate tracings of the drafts collected by Cone, Randall and Dudley. From Mr. Sanford, with a hearty wish for his success, he received the stereotyped commission of the company, to spare no time or reasonable outlay in bringing these swindlers to the bar of justice. Through the good offices of the latter gentleman he also obtained from the United States Express Company, for purposes of comparison, a tracing of the forged draft by which R. W. Davis had defrauded them at Rochester.

With so much of dry, but needful preliminary, the reader will now be desirous to step into the room at the Philadelphia Agency, where my superintendents, Messrs. Bangs and Linden, and Mr. Coleman of the express company, are seated in conference over the multiplied forgeries. Before them on the table are spread out the draft tracing brought from New York, and the other documents pertaining to the case. Of these, Messrs. Bangs and Linden have already made a joint survey, and compared notes and deductions. There is no waste of time, therefore, in useless routine.

"Gentlemen," spoke Mr. Bangs, taking some of the papers in his hand, "we have here the reports of the officers sent out to hunt up Cone, in this city, and at Trenton and Paterson, New Jersey. As you are aware he has not been heard of; and I think he is not very likely to be, through any clue that he has wittingly left behind him. It was highly judicious, however, to begin with these searches, and I congratulate friend Linden on his promptitude. We learn from Mr. Babcock's letter that the other swindles on the company were effected at Newark, and at Pittsburg; and from these points we have descriptions of the men, Dudley and Randall, who perpetrated them. I find that though differing from each other, and from Cone's description, in many particulars, they

have still, so many others in common, as to suggest the identity of all three forgers in one man. And it's altogether probable, indeed, that the description of this Rochester man, Davis, which we expect from the other company, will be found to conform to them in a like degree. Such a matter as the precise shade of hair, Mr. Coleman," and here the superintendent regarded the attentive expressman, "or trim of whiskers, is of very small account when we have the height, age and general appearance in tolerable agreement. Even the fact here reported to us, that Randall had a front tooth missing, would rather go to show that the fellow is an adept in disguises. Detectives only are aware what a great disguise can be effected, and frequently is, by the use and displacement of one or more false teeth. But if there were any doubt whatever about these several swindlers being one and the same, it seems to me to be set at rest by the handwriting, as we find it here in the tracing of the drafts. I think you will both agree with me that these indorsements of Cone, Randall, Dudley and Davis have all been written by the same hand. It is true that the forged indorsements of the business firms, are in different styles of writing; but there, you see variety alone was necessary, the paying banks in every instance, being in a different city from those firms, and quite unlikely to be familiar with their signatures. Any friend of the forger's, if he were not good enough penman himself, could have made those indorsements."

Mr. Coleman concurring in the step of sending a detective after W. R. Wales, the general superintendent inquired of Linden what officers were disengaged at the Agency?

"Not one, except Thomas; the rest are all busy on local operations."

"But Thomas is just the man," said Mr. Bangs; "resolute, noiseless, and quick as a mousing cat. Be so kind as to have word sent to him that I wish to see him in a little while."

This was promptly done through the speaking-tube

that communicated with the chief clerk's desk in the outer office.

"And now, Coleman," said Mr. Bangs, with more deliberation, "we are confronted by another aspect of this case, which may involve some tedious diplomacy. Our duty to the Adams' Express Company, as detectives, is sufficiently clear. We must capture, if possible, the forgers who have swindled it. You are, so to speak, our clients in this case. But these losses have only fallen on your company, since you were found to have been the unconscious instruments of fraudulent money collection. In the first instance they fell upon the persons who mailed the drafts, and on those to whom they were addressed, and properly payable. Both of these classes had property rights in the violated letters. Of such rights, the post-office is, by law, the constituted guardian. When letters once mailed have become purloined or tampered with, the aggrieved owners become *its* clients. The senders, and should-be recipients of those letters would naturally apply to the post-office authorities as soon as they realized their losses. The latter, it is quite certain, would begin an investigation as to how they had come about. The very first step of such investigation would be to establish the fact that the letters were really put in the mails. This being ascertained, they would proceed, by their own methods, to search for the thief within the department. Do you perceive?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered Mr. Coleman; "their activity in such cases is a matter of notoriety."

"Well," resumed the superintendent, "in this search they are probably now engaged. This is why Mr. Babcock, in the letter before us, suggests co-operation with them. He assumes very properly that they are in possession of the preliminary facts. They may even now be on the track of the thieves; and at all events, there can be no doubt that whatever information they possess would be of immense value to us."

"Not a doubt in the world about it," interposed Mr. Coleman.

"But there's just the rub," continued Bangs. "Like all governmental departments, the post-office is jealously administered; and more so than any other, perhaps, on account of the constitutional sacredness of its trust. The best we can attempt, then, is to show its authorities how desirable, to *them*, is our co-operation in this case. It is plain that the forger whom we specially seek must be a confederate of their mail thief, and that the mail-thief whom *they* seek has an accomplice in our forger. The capture of either one will almost certainly insure that of the other, but especially the capture of our forger, for the mail employees are all well-known, and any who would then show signs of flight would be pounced upon immediately. On the other hand, if the mail-thief were the first to be arrested, the inevitable publicity would be a warning to the forger, and he might escape from the country ere a pursuit could be organized. I think my friend, McPhail, of the Post-Office Special Service at Washington, will not hesitate to extend his good offices in the matter. If he would only give us an introduction to his subordinate in Chicago, who looks after depredators in the north-west, Mr. Pinkerton himself could confer with that gentleman, and operations on both sides would be greatly expedited."

The detective was next called in, and directed to inform himself, from the papers on the table, of the merits of the task on hand. This he carefully did, making copies of the personal descriptions, and full memoranda of such dates, names and other particulars as he thought might prove serviceable.

The telegram reached Philadelphia within a very short time, with an order to the detective to await despatches at Pittsburg, should further instructions be deemed necessary, by the morrow. Mr. Thomas accordingly took the evening express on the Pennsylvania railroad, and by

midnight he was far over the rich valleys of the Keystone State, bowling towards the slopes of the Alleghanies.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. PINKERTON'S EARLY EXPERIENCES IN NORTHERN OHIO.—THE VILLAGE OF REDROCK.—DETECTIVE THOMAS AS AN INTERESTED MINERALOGIST.

IN meditating over my work that evening at headquarters, I concluded that the time was really opportune for a detective to proceed to Redrock; but having circulated much in earlier years through the northern portions of Ohio, I was aware that the line of the Yarmouth and Sycamore Valley Railway—on which Redrock appeared as a station—had opened up to settlement a comparatively new region. I had known it as a wilderness of swamps and forests; and time and again have I traversed its dreary solitudes, the Nemesis of some desperate criminal. In those days, as I well remembered, I was only too happy, after several hours' riding, to come across the nameless clearing whose few scattered houses bespoke a prospect of refreshment and information.

Many of these forest clearings had, of course, grown up into villages, and some of them I had heard from as being bustling towns; but I judged that the neighbourhood of Redrock must be still sparsely settled, and might be a risky kind of place for a stranger to display inquisitiveness.

On the night of Mr. Thomas's departure, therefore, I sent a telegram for that officer to Pittsburg, directing him to approach his task with every precaution, and to quarter himself in Yarmouth—which is a thriving Ohioan

city some distance westward from Cleveland—until he had devised some pretext for frequenting the village.

Redrock was a village that had but one door of communication with the eastern part of the Union; and that door was Yarmouth. Its population might consist of about four hundred persons, whose homes and holdings were scattered over a territory of nearly two miles square.

Very soon after the railroad, was established a depot, and the government shed dignity on all by erecting Redrock into a separate post-office. With a neat little wooden church, three drinking saloons—of which one called itself a hotel—and its firm, abiding faith in a coal-bed, the village seemed now in the path to distinction.

But the expected capitalists didn't locate "worth a cent." As many as four or five quarries were opened and worked a brief while, only to be abandoned in turn as unprofitable. The transportation of the stone to a market proved to be too costly; and quarry labour was dear, when the right-kind was at all procurable. The Irish and German labourers who had been imported to the quarries, were many of them at work among the village farmers; while a few still delved and blasted at a solitary stone bank, for the behoof of a Cleveland builder, who only kept working it for a chance to sell out. The much-debated coal-bed had never cropped out at all; and farm lands in the neighbourhood were still cheap, and farming a remunerative occupation.

Thus much incidentally, and much more that was irrelevant, did Mr. J. R. Thomas learn in a conversation with a land-agent named Stanley, whose card in the *Yarmouth Tribune* had informed him that he held "farm lands for sale on the line of the Sycamore Valley railway." Nor did it once occur to the land-agent, that though his visitor was somewhat indifferent to the merits of the soil at other points of the line, he was all attention when anything was said about the productive region of Redrock. Indeed, to inform himself of the topography

and history of that village, the detective had to endure a like tedious chronicle of several other villages westward along the same line. But at length an idea struck him, and he ventured on a direct question.

"Did you say, Mr. Stanley," he enquired, "whether either of these Redrock farms on your list contained a section of the stone ridge?"

"Yes sir; the larger farm, which is about two-thirds cleared, extends along the bank of the creek, and has an open quarry on it. Its owner, Mr. Reuben Clark, of this city, was one of those who invested in Redrock lands entirely for the sake of stone. But he speedily tired of digging out a building material for which there was no profitable outlet. The smaller parcel of land is a choice clearing, low down in the village, adjoining the homestead of Mayor Wales."

"How!—you don't mean to say there's a mayor at Redrock?" exclaimed Mr. Thomas, who had here chanced on the very name that occupied his thoughts.

"Oh! yes; I thought I told you," returned the land-agent.

"A man full of years and honors, I suppose," observed Mr. Thomas, in an absent-minded manner.

"Yes, sir; Mr. Wales is a highly respected person, and is regarded as a well-informed, progressive man, and a good neighbor. There's not another resident of the village has the interest of the locality more at heart, or would do as much to accommodate a new settler, as would the mayor himself."

"Ah—well—you said that your principal, Mr. Clark, had failed to make the slate-bed pay?"

"No; not precisely, sir; it was the building-stone he was in; the slate, I believe, was never thought much of at any of the quarries."

"Indeed! Now, Mr. Stanley, do you know, I think these gentleman have made a grand mistake! I have noticed that the shales in a limestone formation are near-

ly always good enough for flagging purposes; and sometimes capable of being highly polished, so as to serve for mantel-slabs. There are certain grades of them, too, which become quite valuable in the manufacture of mineral paint; and others again which——”

“Why, I declare, sir,” interrupted Mr. Stanley, “for a farmer you are quite a mineralogist!”

“Not much, sir,” answered Mr. Thomas modestly; “however, my inquiry about the farm lands is on behalf of a brother of mine who has a homestead near Sandusky, but wants to come a little further west. The interest I take in these quarry matters is entirely that of an amateur.”

“Well, sir, your brother couldn’t easily find a nicer place to locate in than Redrock,” now reasserted the land-agent, whose thoughts ran mainly towards the earning of a commission.

“I dare say, Mr. Stanley; I shall certainly make a run over to the village, and write to him fully on all points. When I hear what his views are, I shall drop in to see you again.”

“Do so, sir,” urged the communicative land-agent, “and let me hear from yourself what you think of the quarry prospects.”

“Good afternoon.”

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE QUARRY.—BODY MAGUIRE, THE JOLLY IRISH FOREMAN.—
THE DETECTIVE FEELING HIS WAY.

EARLY the following day, Operative Thomas went out by the western accomodation train to Redrock. Without loitering or speaking to any one, he left the little depot, and picked his steps for about a quarter of a

mile, being greeted during his progress by the music of drill sledges, heard from a point at which workmen were preparing for a blast. The latter were but three in number, and were engaged on the scarped face of a limestone bluff, one holding the rock drill, and the others, in turn, swinging the heavy sledges. Observing that they had seen him, operative Thomas advanced more slowly, examining from time to time some broken pieces of stone which he picked up along his path.

Suddenly, on rounding a ledge by the roadside, the detective came upon a small wooden hut, used as a tool-house, before which, was seated on a stone block, a man who was occupied in the manipulation of blast charges. As he was within a few feet of him, there was no further time for reflection, so Thomas saluted him promptly with a "Good day, neighbor !"

"The same to yourself, very kindly, sir," was the civil reply of the quarryman, delivered in a frank and hearty voice, every tone of which was an echo of the Green Isle.

"Is this Mr. Reuben Clark's quarry?" next inquired the detective.

"No, sir; that it isn't," was the answer; "bud it's Mither Andherson's ov Dayfiance—though they say it'll soon be somebody else's."

"So your quarry is about to change hands?"

"So far as I can larn, it is, sir; an' whin that happens there's one of us at-laste 'll be his own boss."

"No doubt you mean yourself," said the detective, in tones of sympathy; "don't you expect to be continued in charge of the work?"

"Divil a wan hour, sir, if it's the man buys it that they say is talkin' about it—a son of ould Jidge Wales he is—though I knows more about takin' out stone, an' handlin' a gang o' min, than anny boy around Redrock."

Once more had Mr. Thomas stumbled on the man he was interested in; but, though much pleased thereat, he

did not lose sight of his instructions to "make haste slowly."

"I suppose," he observed, after a while, "I suppose you are afraid that the new proprietor will tackle his own quarry work?"

"No, it isn't that ayther, sir. Willie Wales, indeed, he's too much of a young squireen for that! But he has a brother in these parts, that's not makin' much of his little farm, an' by the way he hangs round the stone banks, an' watches the dhrillin' and blastin', I think he's layin' himself out for the new job. If your own frind tuk it into his head to buy Clark's place, do you think he'd want a foreman, sir?"

Thomas led the way into the saloon, and ordered a couple of hot whisky punches. These were drank in comparative silence; but under the softening influence of a second glass, his companion thawed out into such voluble friendship, that it became necessary to warn him that "the quarry matter must be kept dark." A confidential wink was the loyal response, and the pair soon left, to proceed across the bridge.

"So you think it is the intention of this Willie—Willie—what do you call him?—to—"

"Wales is the name, sir," volunteered Rody.

"Ah! yes—I remember; you think he intends to make his brother foreman of the quarry?"

"Well," answered the quarryman, with philosophic gravity, "it's hard to tell what a man intinds to do until he does it; but there's some very daycent people says that it won't last very long, anyhow—that no matther what the same man puts his money into, he'll nayther have luck nor grace wid it?"

"You don't say!" exclaimed Mr. Thomas. "Can't the gentleman dig out stone and get as good a price for it as any other quarry owner?"

"That's all very thrue," rejoined Rody, "but there's a knowledgable old sayin' about money, 'that devil's wages

is soon spint; ' and by all account the money that's to buy Andherson's quarry was never earned be honest sweat!"

"Mr. Wales is not a man of property then?" threw out the detective.

"Property!" echoed Rody, with a disdainful emphasis; "sure it's only a twelvemonth ago I saw him wid me own eyes loafin' around the village here, not doin' a hand's turn, and he hadn't the price of a lager beer, only what his old man gev him. An' now, sir, it's nothin' but kid gloves an' goold watches wid him, an' cigars and dhrinks for every one he comes across."

"He may have started some profitable city trade?" suggested the considerate Thomas.

"Whatever kind of a thrade it is, sir, he keeps goin' and comin' from some place down aist, stoppin' a few days at a time, an' as sure as he comes back they say he has lashins o' fresh money! Maybe you've heerd tell, sir, what *Keero* and *fano* is?"

Thomas could hardly suppress a laugh as he discerned in the misplaced syllables the material for the words "Keno" and "faro."

"Oh! yes;" he answered, "I believe there are some plundering games carried on in big cities."

"Yis, sir," continued Rody, "I've no gridge again anny man, nor I don't like to spake bad of anny one; but sure ould Jake Bartlett, the tinsmith, that knows every bird ov the Wales family—an' be the same token there's no love lost between them—Jake says, by the vartue ov his honor, Willie Wales can't be gettin' his money honest."

At this point they had arrived within sight of Clark's abandoned quarry.

"Thank you, Rody," said the detective, patronizingly, "I'll not forget your civility; and if my friend *does* buy the quarry, I must see about getting you a job to work out the slate for him."

"Long life to you, sir!" said the grateful quarryman,

"I knew you wor the raal guinea goold the minute I led me eyes on you."

Thomas here observed that it was getting near train time, and both left the quarry to return towards the bridge. As they were nearing the latter, he turned to his companion, and gazing at him fixedly, said :

"Now, Rody, I suppose you know how to hold your tongue about a matter that concerns yourself. If it is spread abroad that any one wants that quarry stuff for such a use as I have explained, Mr. Clark will raise his price, and my friend won't buy it-at all."

"Not a mortal man, sir, 'll know what your afther at all, at all—at laste from Rody Maguire," protested that individual with due solemnity.

CHAPTER IX.

GOSSIPING TO SOME ACCOUNT.—MAYOR WALES, OF REDROCK.—A SLIGHT MISTAKE IN NAMES.

THE interest which Mr. Thomas had manifested in the mineral resources of Redrock was destined to do further service. It was but feeble progress, indeed, that he could hope to make at Yarmouth, a city eighteen miles distant from the home of Wales. A few of the villagers passed in and out on almost every train, but they were rarely of a class that might serve his purpose ; and a mistake of any kind was on no account to be hazarded. A further intercourse with Stanley, the land-agent, must be either unproductive or dangerous ; for that gentleman had shown himself such an admirer of the Mayor of Redrock, that any curiosity about the son of that functionary would be sure to attract attention.

On looking over the register at the "Forest"—as loitering hotel guests are wont to do—Thomas discovered that W. R. Wales had occasionally made a stay there; most probably in going to and returning from the East. But it did not seem quite safe to ask questions of the hotel clerk or servants; for the free-handed gambler—which he assumed to be the reputation of Wales—would undoubtedly have entered them on his list of friends. Hotel employees as a class, love the cheerful giver.

The village itself then, humdrum as it was, and gossipy and suspicious, as are all such humdrum communities, seemed the only good ground for a profitable research.

Accordingly, in a couple of days after his first visit, the detective again went to Redrock, and walked directly to the quarry at which Rody was overseer.

"Musha, what med you vinthur out such a cowld day, sir?" was his solicitous greeting to Thomas as the latter came near to him.

"Well, it is rather cold, Rody, but I thought I must look after the box of shales, having since written and promised them to my friend. Did you get me some pieces together as you promised?"

"I did in troth, sir," was the reply, "an' would have picked you off a whole ton ov thim if you oney gev the word. They're here in the shanty, sure, nice an' snug for you."

"You are still afraid, that if Wales takes up the quarry he will appoint a new foreman?"

"Oh! afther all, myself doesn't much mind, sir," said Rody, courageously; "sure I'll get somethin' to live by if the quarries was all under the say, as I heerd an ould schoolmaster sayin' they wanst was. No, sir; but from what they're beginnin' to say about Willie Wales round here, I don't think the wages that ud come from him ud do a man anny good!"

Thomas didn't think it necessary to controvert this little Hibernianism, and merely rejoined:

"Well, I hope, whatever change comes, to see you before long with a more acceptable employer. And now, Rody," he added, "I'll go to the tinsmith's, and if he should fix me my box in good time, I'll bring it to you before taking the train; you can do the packing for me yourself."

"Lave that to me, sir," rejoined Rody; "ayther bring it or sind it, an' I'll cooper up thim slates for you that they'd thravel to Timbuctoo!"

The speaker then turned his face to the creek road, and Mr. Thomas went down the street to carry out his mission at a tinsmith's,

In the rear of an untidy little store, Mr. Jacob Bartlett was found at his work-bench, repairing a wash-boiler for some thrifty village housewife. He readily agreed for a trifling sum, to furnish with straps, and a pair of hinges, the box which the detective brought with him; and whose purpose he explained, as it were, quite confidentially. The customer being a non-resident, too, he civilly tendered him a chair, to await the completion of the job. Thomas, of course, sat down, and passing a cigar to the gratified tinsmith, lit one himself, and proceeded to smoke with quiet complacency.

This Bartlett was a tallish, meager, sallow-faced man. He was greatly pleased to hear of the stranger's interest in the product of the quarries.

While clipping and hammering at the box straps, Jake ventured to enquire of his customer if he had any friends in these parts, when he should decide to work out the slate beds.

"Not a soul," observed Mr. Thomas, meekly; "I should be quite a stranger. I did know a family named Wills that left Pennsylvania, to locate in the north of Ohio, several years ago; but I can't now remember where it was they settled down."

"I guess them's the very Waleses of Redrock," exclaimed the tinsmith, whose ear had not detected the slight dif-

ference of sound ; "why the old chap himself is the Jestice an' Mayor of this here village ?"

"It can't be," objected Thomas ; "I never thought the man had that much grit in him, He had two or three boys though, who were lads of promise."

"They was, eh ?" said the tinsmith, dubiously ; "wal, I never heern tell rightly whar they come from ; but if ever them Wales boys had any promise in 'em, ther's some on 'em gone greatly back on it, that's what I know."

"You—don't—say ?" suggested Thomas, as if grieved to hear it ; but carefully ignoring the tinsmith's mistake on the two names.

This was the old gossip's opportunity, and he fairly revelled in it. He proceeded to assure the stranger that he had no cross grudge against the Wales family, but if the eldest son, Willie, didn't soon change his course, some bad end must come of it. If Willie Wales had ever worked on in a fair business, that people could understand, no one would wonder at him having a few hundred dollars now and again. But so far as the speaker had seen, he was always a rambling idler and spendthrift. He ran himself out of several fine situations, and disgraced himself by getting divorced from a good wife, almost before he had a beard. For all that, he could now come into the village every four or five weeks, and swagger around with new clothes, and jewelry, and his pockets stuffed out with bank bills. Heaven only knew how he got them ! Jake Bartlett didn't. To be sure, he had boasted to some of the young men, that he had won his money at the gambling-tables in New York and Philadelphia ; but gamblers didn't win all the time, and that story was too feeble for his, Mr. Bartlett's, credulity.

Thus far into the ruins of Willie Wales' reputation had Jake proceeded, almost without question or interruption from his customer. Mr. Thomas, indeed, was greatly charmed with the volubility of the tinsmith ; and by a few gentle ejaculations, carelessly thrown in, now managed

to learn that this doubtful character, was the eldest of three brothers, of whom the youngest, a lively youth, was a telegraph operator at the depot. Willie, himself, had been home for a short time only a few weeks before, and had then exhibited a roll of about six-hundred dollars in bank notes, to some admiring companions, in the hotel near the station.

The detective further gleaned that Wales, the father, had once obstructed Jake Bartlett in his aspirations for some village office, and in this he seemed to perceive the animus of the tinsmith.

"Thar goes the old cuss now," exclaimed Bartlett, as he looked out from his store, into the village street; "an' he carries it right slick on his jedgeship and his mayorship."

Thomas looked out too, and looking intently, that he might be able to recognize the head of the family that was becoming so interesting to him. A silver-haired, ruddy-faced, prosperous looking gentleman, it may be stated, appeared to the observer. Mayor Wales of Redrock.

"Oh! that's not the *Wills* I knew," exclaimed the detective, as he turned to Jake; "the Pennsylvania *Wills* was, at least, four inches taller, and sharp as a fence-post."

"But it ain't *Wills*," retorted Jake, "it's Wales I'm a talkin' about all the time. That was Jedge Wales, Mayor of Redrock."

"Not the same family at all," repeated Thomas; "and, besides, I know that the eldest son was a good, moral young fellow."

"Wal', there ain't no much moral about our *Waleses*, either root or branch. Why, the old deacon, himself, goes around among the women folks here, as if he was a young buck of thirty."

This branch of the subject had no interest for Thomas.

CHAPTER X.

A FLOOD OF NEW LIGHT—MORE FORGERIES—HOW THE CAUTION OF H. B. CLAFLIN, THE NOTED NEW YORK MERCHANT, PRESERVED THE EXPRESS COMPANY FROM ANOTHER DEPREDACTION.—INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE FROM PITTSBURG—THE JEALOUSY OF GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

WHILE our emissary was thus scouting from his ambush at Yarmouth, a flood of new light was pouring in at the Philadelphia agency. Through the well-directed inquiries of Mr. Bangs we were soon placed in possession, not only of the most essential details of the felonies already known, but of advices concerning others which presaged even a bolder and deeper criminality on the part of the men in whose pursuit we had engaged.

As my son Robert continued his researches at the headquarters of the various express companies, he was enabled to furnish Mr. Bangs with the particulars of the forgery at Rochester, on the United States Express Company. The draft made use of was for \$770, and had been drawn on a New York bank by the Commercial National Bank of Oskosh, Wis., payable to the order of a certain Samuel Little, of Boston. Mr. Little never received the letter in which this draft was mailed, and the collection of the amount was effected by a man who styled himself R. W. Davis, engaged for an interval in the lumber trade at Rochester. The signature of this Davis gave every indication of having been written by the self-same penman who was Dudley, Randall, and Cone by turns.

But there were still other cases, and the trail of the same serpent was over them all. It was stated that in the early part of the winter an attempt had been made at Albany, New York, to collect simultaneously three drafts

through the agency of the American Merchants' Union Express. These instruments, also, were from western sources, and aggregated a total of more than two thousand dollars, which was duly remitted to Albany for account of the presentor, a Mr. C. H. Rugby. Happily, the express agent in that city was particularly scrupulous in the matter of identification, or else the forger was remiss in his preparations therefor, and the money was refused to him and sent back to New York.

As it subsequently transpired, the daring swindler had promptly followed; and learning, at the company's central office, that the money was to hand, professed his pleasure thereat, and promised to obtain a more satisfactory identification in the metropolis itself. On arrival he had registered at one of the leading hotels, and thence he sallied forth next day to the warehouse of H. B. Claflin & Co., prominent wholesale dealers in dry goods. To the senior of that firm he now presented a letter purporting to come from a customer in Kansas City, Mo., and introducing the bearer, Mr. C. H. Rugby of the same place, as an intending purchaser. Mr. Rugby, said the letter, was about to open a new store, and as a reputable and rising young merchant, was recommended to the kindly attention of the great wholesalers.

In a natty little speech, Mr. Rugby himself stated that he must defer his selection of goods till the afternoon and morrow, as his funds were still lying at the office of the express company, through which he had for safety remitted them.

"I have already endorsed my drafts, Mr. Claflin," added the plausible Mr. Rugby, "and if you will send one of your representatives with me to the express office, to identify me, I can draw the amounts, and then we proceed to business."

"Certainly, my dear sir," was the reply of the merchant, as he looked once more from his visitor to the open letter: "we always like to accommodate our western friends. I

shall just drop a telegram—*pro forma*, you know,—to Smith & Co., of Kansas City, to see that their introduction is all right, and as we shall have an answer in an hour or two, you will have plenty of time to realize your funds, and select your stock.”

“I shall call in then, I suppose, about one o’clock, sir,” was the question of the now uneasy forger.

“Say two—two o’clock, Mr. Rugby,” answered the cautious old merchant, “we are sure to have a telegram by that time.”

Mr. Rugby looked thankful, and went out humming a tune—but entirely forgot to return again. In due course the telegram was answered from Kansas City, Messrs. Smith & Co. repudiating the letter of introduction.

From Pittsburg, Pa., where our swindler had been known as Robert D. Dudley, now came also the first few facts of a definite personal bearing. They were contained in a response from Mr. Snively to the renewed application of Mr. Bangs for all particulars that could be gleaned of the forger. From these it appeared that Dudley had been some time a resident of Pittsburg, and married, while there, a Miss Greenleaf, of Alleghany City, a flourishing suburb of the first-named place. A sister of the same Miss Greenleaf, with her husband, Dr. Marsh, were still residents; and Dudley and wife used frequently to dine with them after the marriage of the latter. The forger was last engaged in the preparation of a city directory—being pretty well known as its intended publisher—and found no difficulty whatever in collecting the La Crosse draft. Immediately thereafter, both himself and wife were missing from Pittsburg. To this information Mr. Snively appended a more minute description of Dudley, which had been revised by a Mr. Loomis, an insurance agent, to whom the “directory man” was personally well known.

Once more Mr. Bangs was struck by the general conformity with the descriptions of Cone and Randall. Nor

did the superintendent fail to make a note of the Greenleaf family, as a possible clue to the whereabouts of Dudley, if the trail at Redrock should prove to be ineffectual.

But the intercourse of the superintendent with the post office authorities at Washington was that which brought about the most agreeable results of all. His first proceeding, as determined, had been to communicate the outlines of the forgery cases to Mr. J. L. McPhail, of the department of Special Service, and to inform him of the part we had undertaken in regard to the forgers.

On the receipt of this strong communication, Mr. McPhail held a conference at the national capital with S. B. Cochran, Esq., Chief of the Bureau of Mail Depredations. As a result, he was authorized to inform Mr. Bangs that an investigation into the loss of some of these very drafts had been instituted some time before by Mr. J. S. Elwell, Special Agent of the Post-Office at Chicago.

A very gracious letter of introduction to this Mr. Elwell was also forwarded, in which the conviction of Mr. Cochran was expressed, that Elwell would find it profitable to act with Mr. Pinkerton. This was only given as an opinion, however, and was not accompanied by any instructions from the Chief to his subordinate. The letter was at once transmitted to me at Chicago, and to Mr. Frank Warner, my superintendent at headquarters, was intrusted the delicate mission of using it to good purpose.

CHAPTER XI.

A REVELATION.—FURTHER CONFERENCE WITH THE POSTAL AUTHORITIES.

ONE of the first ideas of the Superintendent, after arranging his programme in Philadelphia, was to anticipate, as far as possible, a refusal of information from

bureaucratic sources. With this view he had written to Governor Washburn at La Crosse, and to the other makers and first holders of the drafts, to inquire the exact day and hour on which the letters containing them had been mailed, and the address of the parties in the East to whom they had been sent.

These details were furnished him as to four of the drafts, of which one was that known to have been forged by Cone. Now, taking into account the origin and destination of the several letters, Mr. Bangs could at once determine that they must have been stolen, either at the post-office at Toledo, or at some point to the east of the city; for they had all originated in Toledo itself, or would take through it an easterly route by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad. But the very fact that they had *not* all originated at Toledo, but at one or two points further eastward, indicated almost beyond doubt that they were purloined *while in transit*. This pointed the superintendent's suspicions, as a matter of course, to the postal agents and transmitting clerks on the route just named.

But this field of investigation was further narrowed down by the facts pertaining to one of the Cone drafts.

This instrument, which was put in for collection at Philadelphia, Pa., on January 9th, was now ascertained to have been mailed at Toledo on January the 7th, just forty-eight hours before. Had it gone the entire way to Boston, its proper destination, it were easy to see that it could not have been remailed there, or even carried by the forger, and reach Philadelphia within the period named. Hence came the conclusion that the letters must have been stolen between Toledo and Albany, at which latter city the mails for New England diverged from the main route.

But, further yet: Supposing the forger to have started south from Albany, the margin of time left to reach Philadelphia, and manipulate the forgery, would still be inadequate. The assumption became inevitable that the draft

left the Lake Shore mail route at a point further west, most probably at Cleveland or Erie, from both of which cities there were lines direct through Pennsylvania.

"These letters have been stolen from the mail cars between Toledo and Erie," had now become the verdict of the incisive superintendent.

Planting himself on this theory, Mr. Bangs made a polite application to the department at Washington, to be furnished with the lists of mail clerks who did duty on the cars of that route on the four dates he had selected. Through the good offices of Mr. Cochran, four lists, corresponding with the four dates, were forwarded to him, each containing the names of four postal clerks, which was the quota detailed for that special duty.

Now, here was a revelation. Out of the total of sixteen names, twelve were of different clerks, none of whom chanced in any two of the details. A thirteenth name, on the contrary, was present in all four of them! It was that of one James Hobart.

That this postal clerk was with the mails, on duty, on each occasion when one of those draft letters was stolen, was, to say the least of it, a very singular coincidence.

I return, then, once more to the "Great North-west." When Mr. Warner, armed with the letter of introduction from Washington, presented himself at Chicago to Special Agent Elwell, he found that gentleman to be both practical and accomodating.

The movements of one man, in particular, he said, had been closely watched, and so many suspicious circumstances attached to him, that he felt morally certain of his guilt. One of these was, for instance, that he had come out of his mail car one night on the platform at Cleveland, having just put a bunch of letters in his pocket, and there stood waiting for a while as if some one had appointed to meet him. No person appearing, he returned to his car, just as the train started; and furtive-

ly, as it was reported, threw back the letters into a side-box.

Mr. Warner here proceeded to review the facts concerning those early drafts already known to our Agency. At the mention of Dudley's name, Elwell interrupted by the statement that he knew all about that party, and had laboured hard for his capture as an accomplice in the mail theft. In so doing, he had acquainted himself with the antecedents of Dudley at Pittsburgh, and followed him up quite closely after he fled from that city. The clever forger had always eluded his grasp, however, and he believed he was now somewhere in Michigan, going under the name of R. K. Livingstone.

My readers will desire to again visit Redrock, which had already become to us the key of the position.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RETURN OF WALES.—THE GEOLOGICAL THOMAS ALSO ON HAND.

THE return of Wales to the paternal roof at Redrock at last came about. It was on a day when the geological Mr. Thomas had also gone to the village, on an anxious mission for additional slate specimens. The box of these treasures—which he claimed to have dispatched to his mythical friend—had strayed away by some villainous express route. What, then, could be more natural than to deplore its loss with the sympathetic Rody, and engage him to prepare a fresh supply? This was quite easily arranged; a good warm punch or two, and the unwonted luxury of a cigar, being thought ample return by the quarryman for the trifling labour it involved. The provision of another packing-box was also discussed

between them, and arranged for, and then countermanded with such artful indecision as to leave fairly open to the detective an excuse for further negotiations. Neither Rody nor Jake Bartlett, indeed, to whom Thomas also paid a visit, could make out entirely to his own satisfaction whether the gentleman was seriously anxious to have those specimens hastened forward or not.

Nor was it the design of Mr. Thomas that they should be. Danger from either of these worthies, perhaps, was not to be apprehended; but the stake at issue was far too great to be left to the hazard of even a rustic's penetration. The flight or escape of Wales, through any indiscretion on his own part, our detective would have looked upon as an irretrievable disgrace.

In the course of the afternoon the officer had returned to the railroad depot, and managed to engage in conversation about his missing box with the dapper little express agent. While the chat was in progress, young Wales, the telegraph operator, walked in from the instrument room, and cheerily exclaimed to his neighbour—

"Tom, I've just got a dispatch from our Willie; he's coming up on the 'Eight-forty'!"

The expressman nodded his congratulations, and the youth hastened into the village, with the open telegram in his hand; no doubt to exhibit its contents to the other members of the family.

Mr. Thomas didn't loiter much longer in the vicinity of the depot. He needed to moderate his eager expectancy, and to await in tranquillity the momentous "Eight-forty." The human quarry in whose pursuit he had set forth was now almost at hand; and like huntsmen after meaner game, he had all the febrile enthusiasm of the chase. In a secluded place, he took from his pocket my most recent telegram, and carefully re-perused its pithy instructions:

"Use additional caution at Redrock. Telegraph instantly Wales's arrival. Get good spot on him, and then

shadow from Yarmouth with untiring vigilance. Note well his associates and movements, especially on arrival and departure of trains.

"ALLAN PINKERTON."

Neither W. R. Wales nor any of his welcoming friends took notice that evening of the quiet young man who was amongst them on the platform of the railroad depot at Redrock. He was a person, indeed, who was decidedly with them, though not of them. He whistled meditatively, or hummed spasmodically, as he glanced down with interest at his spattered boots, or anxiously along the line like one waiting for the down-train.

When the Eight-forty train from Yarmouth slowed up at the depot, the usual five or six Redrock passengers stepped from the cars, and slowly sauntered into the light near the entry door—as persons, who, having reached near home, are no longer in any disposition to haste. Of these five or six persons, one was a young man of far less rustic appearance, than any of his fellow passengers. Indeed he might be called a stylish young man, and classed with those that adorn the promenades of our great cities. Rather taller than the medium five feet eight, he was slender in build, and looked about thirty years of age. His features were pale, and delicate of outline, and a yellowish moustache drooped around his mouth. He wore, or rather sported, a quantity of jewelry, of which Thomas could discern, even in the gloom, a diamond finger ring and breast-pin, and a very showy gold watch-guard. In his hand he carried a newish-looking valise, and over one arm a comfortable travelling wrap.

As this well-appointed personage crossed the platform, there stepped forth to greet him—from a group near the waiting room door,—young Wales, the telegraph clerk.

Willie Wales was soon standing, with hat lifted, and running his fingers foppishly through his hair—the target for a cross-fire of noisy questions.—“Did you have good

fun, Will?" "Stop any at Yarmouth coming up?" "Did you make a run into New York this time?" "Have a good time East, Willie?" "Say, Wales, how was *biz* with you this time?"

The reply to this last question alone was of any great interest to Thomas; and luckily he was in a position both to hear and see.

"Tip-top, sonny!" were the words used by Wales, who at the same time slapped his hand gayly over his breast-pocket; as if the proof were reposing in the bill-book which it sheltered.

One of the young men—who were all evidently, "hail fellows well met" with Wales—now presumed to extract from his pocket the gold watch which it contained. Holding it tenderly and admiringly in the light, he exclaimed:

"By gum!—new ticker this trip, Will?"

"Yes, siree!" responded Wales, "I bought her down to New York, in one of the nobbiest stores."

"I reckon *she* cost a little pile?" pursued the inspector of the timepiece, with almost painful interest.

"You just bet, Charlie," answered its proprietor, with a smirk of almost girlish vanity; "just two hundred and fifty dollars, every dime of it."

One and another of the coterie then took the watch to examine it in turn, and bestow on it an admiring ejaculation; when at last it came to an individual who possibly saw clearer than the rest.

"Why, Will," he remarked, "she's an hour ahead of time!"

"Oh!—thunder!" explained Wales, "that's New York time; give her to me."

In a confused and pettish manner, he now restored the watch to his pocket.

"But come, boys!" he exclaimed in a moment after; "let us go over to old Kramer's and have a smile of his

cognac. I'm pretty well used up after the ride, and want to get home and have a good snooze."

Mr. Thomas was now satisfied. His game was safely and unsuspectingly housed, and for the present, at least, he had no further business at Redrock.

He returned by the next train to Yarmouth, telegraphed me in cipher of the arrival of Wales, and then wrote out the mail reports that covered this day's doings.

CHAPTER XIII.

THAT PACKING-BOX AGAIN.—CYNICAL JAKE BARTLETT, AND WHAT IS DISCLOSED BY HIS CHATTER.—WORKING IN THE RIGHT TRACK.

THE arrival of Wales at his home had made the ambush of Detective Thomas a delicate matter. The great importance of not alarming him had been sufficiently impressed upon him, but it was equally incumbent on him to obtain information about his movements. The manner, therefore, in which Wales would deport himself among his Redrock neighbours became a subject of special anxiety to the officer. That he was a shrewd and daring criminal there was now every warrant for believing; but had not the proof transpired that he was also a boastful and conceited fop?

What was more likely, then, that in this latter character he would deeply betray himself at the village? And how was the Agency to learn of his imprudences? Who was to take advantage of his self-criminations? These were reflections that distressed operative Thomas exceedingly, constrained as he was by prudential reasons to keep aloof from Redrock, and privileged to do little more than watch the railroad which was its eastern outlet.

"He is among his friends now," the detective would reflect; "and he would go swaggering and lionizing around that blessed village, with not a shadow to take care of him, and not a creature to know when he gives himself away! Too bad! too bad!"

In his professional anguish, Detective Thomas received some comfort from a telegram which I now sent him, from Chicago. It was to the effect that my home superintendent, Mr. Warner, would soon join him at Yarmouth; that a warrant for the arrest of Wales was in contemplation; and that parties would be sent from the East, to identify him. In the Agency, at this time, the impression was somewhat general, that he must be Randall; while from a comparison with the descriptions he had obtained, Thomas had decided for himself that he was Dudley. I have already commented, however, on the fallibility of personal descriptions, particularly those from an unprofessional source.

The third morning from the return of Wales, Mr. Thomas sauntered into the depot at Yarmouth, when whom should he see stepping off the Redrock train, but that individual himself! The fact was, that the detective was constantly on the watch for such an event; but to look at him just then, one would suppose he had no other object in life than to recover a stray trunk—so intent was he in examining a pile of those articles that stood near the baggage-box.

No sooner, however, had Wales passed from the depot into the street, than his shadow was there too. And whither, for a time, the forger bent his footsteps, thither, also, went his unrecognized shadow. In a few of the more crowded thoroughfares, there was but little difficulty in keeping Wales in view. But it was observable that the rogue was ill at ease. Every now and then he stopped in his way, like a person in deep thought, and furtively glanced around as though to learn if he were followed. After a while, too, with the cunning of an old pickpocket he turned into a region of quiet streets, where it would

be difficult to hold him in sight for many successive blocks, without the detective being himself detected. He was manifestly in that state of conscious guilt, that

"Fills the light air with visionary terrors,
And shapeless forms of fear."

Thomas saw how it was with him, and then made up his mind. He was not the kind of officer to go dodging around street corners at a risk, when logic would bear him in security to the issue. Wales, he concluded, was not going away, anyhow. He had evidently come to Yarmouth for a little tour of business—or of pleasure, mayhap, if the riotings of the vicious can be called by that name. He was dressed much more quietly than on his late brilliant descent into Redrock; and he had neither parcel nor travelling equipment of any kind, along with him. No; certainly, Wales was not going away.

And so the shadow decided to withdraw himself and pick up his man again on his return to the depot.

In due course of time, this self-denial was rewarded. Towards five o'clock in the afternoon, while on a vigilant outlook from the entry hall of the Forest Hotel, Thomas descried Wales returning in the direction of the station. A train, he was aware, would leave for Redrock a few minutes after five.

An idea flashed upon the detective. Wales was going home for the night—now, wasn't this the very chance to get the news at the village? It might be too late to see Rody, for he would be resting after his day's labor in his humble home. But there was the invaluable Jack Bartlett—babblers by instinct, and self-elected censor of the morals and methods of the Wales family. Why, Jake would by this time be bubbling over with scandal!

Thomas thought not another moment. He hurried to the depot, saw Wales into a car, took a seat in the next coach behind, and in an hour thereafter had fluttered

through the Redrock depot, like the shadow that he was, and was rapidly striding up the back road to the head of the village.

Walking around the creek road the detective came down from the bridge, and entered Jake Bartlett's dingy establishment. The tinsmith had ceased work for the day, and was seated on a stove in his shop chatting with two villagers similarly disposed. With an air of business urgency Thomas saluted him and inquired about "that other packing-box;" adding that his friend had become so very impatient in the matter that he was induced to come down that evening to see to it.

The astonished Mr. Bartlett reminded him that he had left no definite order; and that though he had, indeed, spoken of a packing-box, he said not a word about when it was required.

With a feint of self-reproach, Mr. Thomas had to admit that this was so; and then asked Jake if he would not make up a small one on the morrow, and have it sent to Rody the quarryman, who knew what further was to be done.

"How are times, Mr. Bartlett?"

"Wal, ther ain't nothin' pertikler to boast on, Mister; but we was jest a sayin' that it is curious how some folks kin git along an' hev piles of money, an' never do nothin' fur it—while them as is honest an' works hard, kin skeerce grub out a livin'!"

"How now?—has somebody been finding a gold mine round here?"

"It looks putty much that way, on'y it's a kind o' goold mine that on'y one can dig into—leastways there's on'y one seems to know whar 'tis. It's that young fellar the Judge's son that I spoke to you about, Mister—he on'y went East here two or three weeks ago, an' he's to hum now, an' not less than seven or eight thousen' dollars in his pocket. See now, sir?"

"But it's ten thousen' he hes, Jake," interposed one of

the villagers ; " I heern tell that he showed over nine thousen' in bills to young Georgie Striker ! "

" Guess you're both on you rayther wide o' the mark." said villager number two ; " Frank Johnson oughter know, for he hed a drink of him at the depot, night he came up, an' he says Willie Wales hes got every picayune of fifteen thousen' dollars."

" This gold finder of yours is a gentleman who takes good care of his money then ? " pleasantly suggested Mr. Thomas.

Without appearing to take part in the conversation that followed, or even to be much interested by it, Mr. Thomas spurred it along gently until he had learned about all that the villagers had to tell. His anticipations about how Wales would demean himself were fully borne out by what he now learned. Since his arrival at Red-rock, the swindler had careered round the village like a person crazed with unwonted riches ; exhibiting, to all who would admire, his diamonds, and his watch, and ostentatiously open his plunder-filled wallet on every imaginable pretext. Although temperate, as to ardent spirits, too inordinate vanity had made him garrulous as a drunkard in his cups. To one he had spoken of his faro bank in Philadelphia ; to another he had boasted that " there was more where that came from,"—alluding to his money ; and several heard him make references to his " partner in the East."

On this last point one villager had now recalled, that shortly before his last trip from home, Wales showed him a telegram, which he claimed to be from his partner, and which said : " Come week after next, the market will then be better." Neither the name of the partner, however, nor the city from whence he telegraphed, were noticed by the bumpkin.

Mr. Thomas was quite crammed with such fragments of gossip as these, when he reached Yarmouth, late that night.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER MODE WITH AN UNSUCCESSFUL RESULT—THE PROBLEM OF
IT "TIFICATION AS FAR AS EVER FROM SOLUTION—A NEWLY-
DISCOVERED JEWEL OF INTELLIGENCE.

PLEASANT as it was to be convinced that we had struck the right trail, it was no easy matter to determine at this point what our action should be. This nine days' wonder that was mystifying the villagers of Redrock was also, it must be admitted, a source of much perplexity to the Agency. The great problem of the moment was—who was this man Wales? I was certain he was just the man we wanted; but that was not enough. What was his *alias*, and which his crimes?

The description of Wales furnished to us by Thomas agreed tolerably well with those we had obtained of Cone. But Cone had sent a letter to Wales; and men do not ordinarily take the trouble to write to themselves. This would imply a case of dual consciousness only to be found in the realms of lunacy.

And how could this Wales be Dudley? Had we not obtained from Mr. Snively, of Pittsburgh, confirmed through Special Agent Elwell, a record of Dudley and his career that was circumstantial even to the particulars of his marriage? The conjugal history of Wales was also now known to us, and embraced such different facts as only could pertain to a distinct individual.

Next came the likelihood that Wales might be the person who had called himself Randall—or he might be Davis or Rugby—for all their descriptions bore the same general outline. But here under our eyes were the signatures made by these various forgers, and they were completely identical with the streaky, long-backed scrawl

from Dudley's pen—while to crown the difficulty, the writing of Wales himself, of which Thomas sent specimens from the Forest Hotel, showed no resemblance whatever to that used in any of the forgeries!

Not being in the postal service, he was certainly not the mail clerk, Hobart, whom Elwell suspected, and Bangs had theorized into criminal existence. Hobart, indeed, we now knew personally.

None of all of these, apparently, was Wales of Red-rock, and yet I felt convinced he was the very man we wanted!

In this dilemma, the General Superintendent, Mr. Linden and myself, met together by telegraphic appointment in Philadelphia, to hold conference with Mr. Coleman, of the Adams' Express company on the subject of identification. I urged on this gentleman the advisability of sending on to Yarmouth the Newark express officer who had known the forger Randall.

The express agent in question was an intelligent young man named Alonzo Wilson, who that very evening met Mr. Thomas at the Forest Hotel.

And right here, where events at all points of our operation crowd each other so closely, I propose to take my readers directly along with him, that the result of his mission may be the sooner known. Let me prepare them for the journey, however by stating, that to anticipate the expected identification, I now caused Mr. Linden to procure a United States warrant of arrest, charging—with all customary verbiage—that W. R. Wales, otherwise called R. L. Dudley, R. D. Randall, R. W. Davis, T. H. Cone, and P. K. Livingstone, did on or about the 1st of January, "steal, take, and carry away from the United States mail a certain letter or packet containing a draft or order for the payment of money." This warrant, which was accompanied by the necessary affidavits, was comprehensive enough to meet every aspect of the case, the

acts of any of the forgers being only made possible by the prior crimes of theft.

To give it effect in the Ohio district, the instrument was sent for endorsement to my old friend Judge Sherman, of Cleveland, who was also to appoint Thomas a United States deputy marshal to assist in its execution. I next instructed my Chicago superintendent, Mr. Warner, to obtain the documents in Cleveland, and proceed with them in person to Yarmouth, there to give counsel to Thomas when all was ripe for the arrest of Wales.

We may now alight at the Forest Hotel and rejoin the impatient detective. By this time Wales had apparently lulled himself into security, and was in the habit of coming into the city almost every day. Mr. Thomas was thus spared considerable uneasiness, and saved from the perils of hovering around Redrock. In Yarmouth, however, he shadowed his man most assiduously. The visits of Wales were now principally to the bank, and other places of business. Thomas found no difficulty, therefore, in learning that he had now, at last, purchased the quarry, and was proceeding to work it as if he had indeed settled down—to grow respectable, as it were, on his crime-earned capital. The very material knowledge of what checks he drew, and to whom payable, was readily furnished by the bank—for all reputable business concerns are found willing to assist my officers, knowing them to be legitimate instruments of justice.

Mr. Thomas easily recognized Alonzo Wilson, on his arrival at the hotel.

Together they followed Wales through the principal streets, occasionally catching glimpses of his side face as he moved along through the streams of pedestrians. The detective looked from time to time into the countenance of his companion, but saw there no signs of the desired recognition. All was a pallid, unpromising blank.

"Well," he muttered at last, after an unusually good chance had presented itself for examining the face of

Wales. The latter had stopped full in their way on a street corner, and turned fairly round to speak with a man who met and greeted him.

"Well, now?" repeated the detective, after they had sauntered past Wales, and were safe beyond his hearing.

"That's not Randall," said the young expressman, who, with knitted brow, was moving his head negatively from side to side.

"Sure of that?"

"Perfectly," was the emphatic reply; "that's not the fellow who collected the drafts at Newark."

"So much decided, perhaps," remarked Mr. Warner quietly, as he made his preparations to return to Chicago to assist in the concert of fresh measures. Before quitting Yarmouth, however, he instructed Thomas to unabated vigilance over the movements of Wales. He also made arrangements for the stay of the young man, Wilson, for four or five days more. After a more ample rest—he hoped—and complete restoration to his normal physical condition, he might yet recognize in Wales the forger Randall. A considerable time had elapsed since Wilson saw the latter, and the Superintendent well knew that the faculty of memory may be greatly disturbed by the alternations of bodily strength. That which, of sound or form, is best remembered in health, is frequently distorted or effaced from the mind in illness; while the long-forgotten melodies and faces of childhood will often be vividly perceptible to the senses of the sick.

The identity of Wales with Cone had been so much less likely than with Randall or Dudley, that priority had naturally been given to the settlement of the latter questions. Still, as there is always a possibility in such cases, I now decided to bring on from Philadelphia, the blonde young book-keeper, who had known the forger as a desk-tenant of Mr. Grattan's. This young gentleman, Mr. Miller, had so frequently seen Cone, and for hours at a time, when he was playing his little game of real-estate agent,

that he would undoubtedly be able to tell us whether Wales and he were one. "Send Mr. Miller along," was then the order to Linden.

It was now learned that a few years previously, Wales had been employed as a postal agent, and was on the same route with the very clerk now suspected by Elwell of stealing letters from the mails!

When this jewel of intelligence was flashed into my office at Chicago, a new structure of logic took possession of my thoughts. Special agent Elwell must be right—that mail-clerk had really stolen the draft letters; Mr. Bangs must be right—there was a confederacy of mail-thieves and outside forgers; and I, also, was undoubtedly right—Wales was still the very man we wanted!

That blotting-paper, too, was a trump after all; for had it not brought us to where lay the solution of the mystery!

CHAPTER XV.

STILL OTHER STARTLING SWINDLES—SEVERE] MEASURES DECIDED
UPON—WHAT THE CLICKING OF A TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT
REVEALED.

THIS new discovery, and the reflections consequent thereon, necessarily led to a new departure. It was needless to attempt further identification of Wales as one of the forgers. He was more likely to be their "go-between" from the spoliators of the mail-bags; and might possibly be the originator of the entire series of depredations.

The blonde Mr. Miller was, therefore, allowed to remain in peace at his desk; and I decided to have Wales arrested on the warrant already obtained, and brought to Phila-

delphia with a view of "breaking him down;"—a lusty idiom which applies to the detective process of inciting a criminal to divulge the particulars of his crime, and the names of his accomplices.

One Mr. W. W. Gray had succeeded in collecting nearly twenty thousand dollars on forged drafts in the cities of Troy and Albany, New York State. The period of the thefts and collections agreed very closely with the latest absence of Wales from Redrock, and the amount of money he had on hand at his return, suggested a partition of something like this plunder between himself and one or two confederates. Decidedly we must arrest this Wales.

And yet, I thought, this man's arrest will be but half our work; and may even defeat the accomplishment of the other half. His capture, once published, would undoubtedly be the signal for his confederates to take flight. It would be very much better, therefore, if I were enabled to clutch them while he was yet at liberty.

Thomas had been armed with the warrant, and was awaiting his final instructions for the arrest of Wales, when some facts which came to his own knowledge, served to rend away the last tatter of indecision.

One morning he had shadowed his man, as usual, from the railroad depot into the city. He saw him enter and leave, in succession, three or four business places; apparently engaged in looking after quarry supplies. He next called at the general Post-Office, where of late he had several times received some mail matter. On all such previous visits, Thomas had followed him from the office through the streets, burning with curiosity to know the contents of the letters, which Wales generally perused as he sauntered along. It was the custom of the latter, however, to restore these missives carefully to their envelopes, and deposit them in the breast pocket of his coat; sometimes even securing them in the recesses of a leather pocket-book.

There was a touch of the methodical Mr. Cone, about

all this, that was specially exasperating to the inquisitive officer.

On the particular occasion I refer to, Wales came out of the post-office with two letters in his hand, the address on one of which he was surveying with smiling interest. It was the other one he opened first, however, and read, as was his custom, while moving slowly onward. To the watchful eye of the detective, who was a keen physiognomist, its contents seemed to move Wales considerably; not as with pain or pleasure, in any of their various forms, did he appear to be affected; but with the unmistakeable impress of *action*—as if the letter prescribed some step of immediate urgency. He folded it up quickly, put it away carefully in his pocket, and at once began to step out with a more rapid and purpose-like stride.

The other letter, which had at first challenged his attention, he now seemed to regard as of only secondary consequence. He tore the envelope open, however, and gave it what seemed to be a most cursory perusal, as he hastily continued his way. His usual wariness also seemed to forsake him, or the exigencies of the moment had made him neglectful. While reading this letter he crumpled up the envelope closely in his hand, and with manifest inadvertence, cast the little ball of paper toward the street gutter. Mr. Thomas picked up the paper, and smoothing it out affectionately, as one might a valuable bank-note, was surprised—if anything could surprise Thomas—to find on it this address:

Mr. Harry Norman,
Post Office,
Yarmouth.

This was written in a neat and florid hand, evidently by a lady, the envelope being embossed on the overlap with the text initial L., and having on it the postmark of North Adams, Massachusetts.

That Wales had that morning been somewhat excited by a mail communication ; that he was using as an *alias* the name of Harry Norman ; and that he had a lady correspondent in North Adams, who addressed him by that name, were facts of such possible significance that Thomas very properly decided they should be at once made known to the Agency. Before endeavoring to retrace his man, therefore, he walked a couple of blocks to a telegraph station, to send me the necessary despatch. To his great satisfaction Wales was in the office before him, and had just finished at a side desk, the writing of a despatch, with which he now went over to the operator, paid the transmission charge, and walked out.

The detective, who was thus far an utter stranger to Wales, had, meanwhile, hastily engaged in the writing of his own despatch. He continued to write, but not with the same hurry, when the operator had gone in to his instrument, and the jerk of its little handle was shooting out the message of Wales, through the slender wires. Although usually a very ready penman, Thomas had now become painfully slow. No chubby-faced school urchin of seven, with tongue thrust in his cheek, could be so desperately deliberate over his first hard copy-line. But withal he kept writing something, writing slowly along—and indeed he wrote rather more than he intended when he came in—while the little telegraph lever went click, clicking, through the silent office, and the trusty harnessed lightning was bearing the words of Wales some hundreds of miles away!

Having finished his task, the operator was returning to the message counter, when Thomas, as if ashamed of his penmanship, tore in two his labored despatch, thrust the pieces into his pocket, and hastily left the station. But he did not proceed very far. He simply went to the station of a neighboring telegraph company, and taking out the torn despatch to copy from, not only transmitted to the Agency, the message already determined on, but

appended thereto a complete transcript of the message which Wales had just been sending.

The fact was, that during the toilsome task of penmanship I have described, Mr. Thomas had been engaged principally in listening—his caligraphic agony been merely apparent. He had been listening with feverish intentness to the sounds that issued from the dainty mechanism of the telegraph. Himself a most efficient operator, he possessed the not uncommon facility of reading just as well from the click of the sending key as from the needle movement of the receiving instrument. While the industrious clerk, therefore, was forwarding his customer's despatch, Thomas was grouping into words the signals that he flung from his finger-tips ; and not that alone, but writing down those words in careful sequence. In the noiseless office he had found no difficulty in catching every particle of the sound ; and when he tore up that paper in such pettish affectation, it contained word for word the entire despatch of Wales. And this was the despatch :

“ To Miss CARRIE LEVISON,

North Adams, Mass.

“ Going East Tuesday evening. Arrange to meet Thursday for trip to Boston. Shall leave a letter for you in post-office.

HARRY NORMAN.”

CHAPTER XVI.

WALES GOES EAST ON A PLEASURE-TRIP—MR. PINKERTON FURNISHES HIM WITH EXCEEDINGLY ATTENTIVE COMPANY.

THE time of these occurrences was Monday morning, and Wales returned to Redrock early that afternoon. In the interval he seemed to have been making some hasty visits, as shortly before train-time he stepped rather breathless into the bar-room of the Forest and called for a drink of brandy. Within a few feet of where he stood, was the inevitable Thomas, quietly sipping his noon-tide lager, and apparently absorbed in a newspaper which he held up before him. A young city roysterer, who was a frequent visitor at the hotel-bar, gave greeting to Wales, and readily accepted from him, a proffered drink.

"So—so, Mr. Harry Norman," thought the detective, after he had seen his charge seated safely in the cars for Redrock, "so you are going East to forge more drafts, and to have a good time of it with Miss Carrie Levison. Well, I don't rightly know whether you'll get the chance or not."

Wales was now, more than ever, the goose with the golden egg. It would scarcely do to arrest him when, perhaps, he was on the point of leading me to the very retreat of the forgers. Since it seemed that he himself was neither Dudley, Randall, Davis, nor Cone, these were now the parties I most wanted. I had only been retained, in fact, to bring to justice the forgers who had victimized my employers—the Adams' Express Company. In a certain sense, therefore, Wales had become merely an instrument. But he was a most valuable one, indeed, forasmuch as this fresh journey of his was probably undertaken to meet the forgers, and that new schemes of plunder might be already maturing in some eastern city.

This journey, at all events, was the very pink of opportunity for the Agency; and I resolved that no lack, either of precaution or of action, should impede the triumph which I judged to be near at hand. My telegraphic instructions to Thomas, transmitted on Tuesday, were accordingly both full and explicit. He was to travel in the very footsteps of Wales, and shadow him vigilantly wherever he made a pause. In what moment soever he was found in contact with any of his confederates, he and they were to be arrested together.

Mr. Bangs next communicated with Mr. Waldo Adams, advising him of the visitors that might be expected in Boston, and engaging for my detectives and their mission his friendly countenance. I also telegraphed to Bangs to have a competent detective sent on to Albany to meet Mr. Thomas, and act under his orders—if an officer who was personally known to him, so much the better.

In the course of the forenoon I was gratified by the intelligence that Mr. W. E. Delaney had been assigned to that duty.

The same morning Wales and his father came into Yarmouth in company. The former had with him a valise and trunk, and his first proceeding was to have them checked at the baggage office for Troy, N.Y. By a simple ruse, Thomas ascertained this immediately after he stepped out, and then he started to follow the pair cautiously. The younger Wales was gayly attired, and evidently in high spirits; the smirk of self-conceit, and the smile of fancied pleasures, chasing each other by turns over his not unhandsome countenance.

Among other things, he observed that the highly respectable Mayor of Redrock showed no manner of distrust as to the destination of his son. No grave and prolix advice, or stern admonition, seemed to engage the paternal tongue. He simply deported himself as a sire who had come to town to give his boy a send-off, and then to circulate and enjoy himself after the fashion of his years.

Whether conscious or not of his son's criminal pursuits—and in charity we must presume not—he exhibited no outward sign.

In the course of the day the young man drew a check at the bank for five hundred dollars, payable to his divorced wife,—a lady who still resided in the vicinity of Yarmouth. He also called in at the depot and bought a sleeping-car ticket for Rochester.

At five o'clock in the afternoon Wales had given "good-bye" to his father, and was comfortably seated in the eastward-bound train. So, also, toward the rear of the same car, was Mr. J. R. Thomas, a timid-looking, student-like man, who wore glasses, and was constantly engaged with a rusty-covered volume he had taken from his pocket. Although absolute disguise was unnecessary, and not attempted by him, the officer was a very different looking person from the frank and cordial gentleman who had been prospecting among the Redrock quarries. He knew not how often or how long he might wish to be near Wales, without in any way attracting the notice of the latter. A person who should be frequently encountered by the swindler during his trip—however unsuspicious-looking, would infallibly cause him some uneasiness. Every little change of aspect and demeanor was, therefore, a gain to Thomas; variety being concealment sufficient for his purpose. The mere removal of his glasses and wig would be disguise enough at a further stage of his journey.

In the depot at Rochester, Wales encountered a man with whom he took a drink, and who parted with him with a "Good-bye, Harry!" At Syracuse, also, he had a couple of drinks with another man, who came aboard the train, and continued in close converse with Wales as far as Schenectady, where he left. There was nothing in the appearance of either of these men to correspond with the description that had been furnished to

Thomas of the forgers. The latter, therefore, resumed his rusty volume, and continued to read, and to watch.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the train reached Albany, and even before alighting the detective recognized on the platform the punctual Delaney. While the passengers were crowding about, he managed to give his associate a good "spot" on Wales. It was then hastily arranged that they should both now shadow him, but separately, and with independent vigilance; only coming together when the opportunities for conference were entirely free from risk.

Almost immediately, Wales took a train for Troy, a distance of about six miles from Albany. The two detectives were in the same car with him, but quite undistinguishable from the average Albanians and Trojans by whom it was filled. At Troy, Wales descended and took dinner at the American House, whence he emerged soon after and proceeded to the Union Depot. Here he had his baggage re-checked for North Adams, Massachusetts.

The five o'clock train took the same parties to North Adams, where, shortly after seven, Mr. "Harry Norman, Yarmouth, Ohio," had registered at the Wilson House, and was partaking of a toothsome supper.

The detectives now relieved each other to procure some needed refreshment, and it was gathered from their reports that Wales spent about two hours after supper in watching out upon the street from the corridor of the hotel. Whoever it was that he expected he seemed not to discover, for about ten o'clock he retired to his room, evidently for the night.

CHAPTER XVII.

ONE OF THE GENTLER SEX APPEARS.—WALES AND CARRIE LEVISON AT NORTH ADAMS, MASS., INDULGE IN A SLEIGH-RIDE.—A SHREWD AND TRICKY COUPLE.

FOR the first time there now appears among the characters of this story one of the gentler sex. The heroine I must introduce, though indeed fair to behold, was simply one who had forgotten the precepts of maidenly honour, or had become so demoralized through the vanities of female dress as to place her fair fame in the keeping of the swindler, Wales.

The morning after his arrival at the Wilson House, "Mr. Harry Norman," was stirring betimes. His approaching meeting with Carrie was having an inspiring effect on him. His appearance gave evidence of a pains-taking toilet; and he walked into the breakfast room with a beaming countenance. He made quite a hearty meal of it, too; but in this as in everything else, he found means for the display of his egregious vanity.

Immediately after his breakfast Wales went into the reading room and wrote a letter. Then he put on his great coat, and a pair of rubber overshoes, and sallied forth from the hotel. His first move was in the direction of the post-office, where, instead of mailing his letter in the ordinary drop, he handed it in over the counter with the explanation that the lady to whom it was addressed would speedily call. This insured its being at once placed in the proper compartment for delivery.

Within the little inclosure which contained the post-master's desk, Mr. Thomas was seated at that very moment. The intention of Wales to deposit a letter for Miss Levison was already known to him; so on that

point there was nothing new to be learned. His immediate purpose there was to obtain from a reliable source some information about that lady herself. For this he had called in early on the postmaster—an obliging little gentleman—and without declaring his precise business in North Adams satisfied him that it was legitimate, and even related to the service of the department. Thereupon the functionary made no hesitation in telling the officer, as might any other citizen, the little that he knew of Miss Carrie Levison.

She was the daughter, he said, of an old resident of the place, who was a storekeeper by occupation, but only in a small way of business. Having received a good education, she was a clever and ladylike person; and her bright, genial disposition had made her a general favourite with those who knew her. From the time she was a growing girl—and she was still quite young—the postmaster had remembered her coming to the office for her own and the family letters. Recently, for about a year or so, she was away from North Adams; and only within the last few weeks did she appear to be again residing with her father. Somebody, he thought, had told him that she was employed during that period as a teacher of a local school in some town on the Connecticut River.

It was at this point that Wales brought in his letter, and when he had left the office the postmaster exclaimed to Thomas:

"Why, there's a letter, I declare, for the very young lady you are interested in—and left by a stranger too."

Before noticing the remark, Thomas glanced quickly out of the window; but, as he saw Mr. Delaney industriously kicking the snow from his boots at an opposite doorstep, he knew that Wales could not go far astray.

"Miss Levison has a good many letters and visitors, I suppose?" now inquired the detective.

"No, I rather think not," answered the postmaster; "though I judge there must be more than one young

fellow round here who would be proud to bask in her smiles. She seems quite select in her company, however, and dresses almost as well as any lady in North Adams; indeed, I have often wondered how her father could give her such a stylish outfit."

"But what about her general conduct and reputation?"

"So far as I know, they are all that could be desired," said the postmaster, warmly; "Carrie is really a sweet, handsome little lady, and seems fitted to adorn almost any sphere."

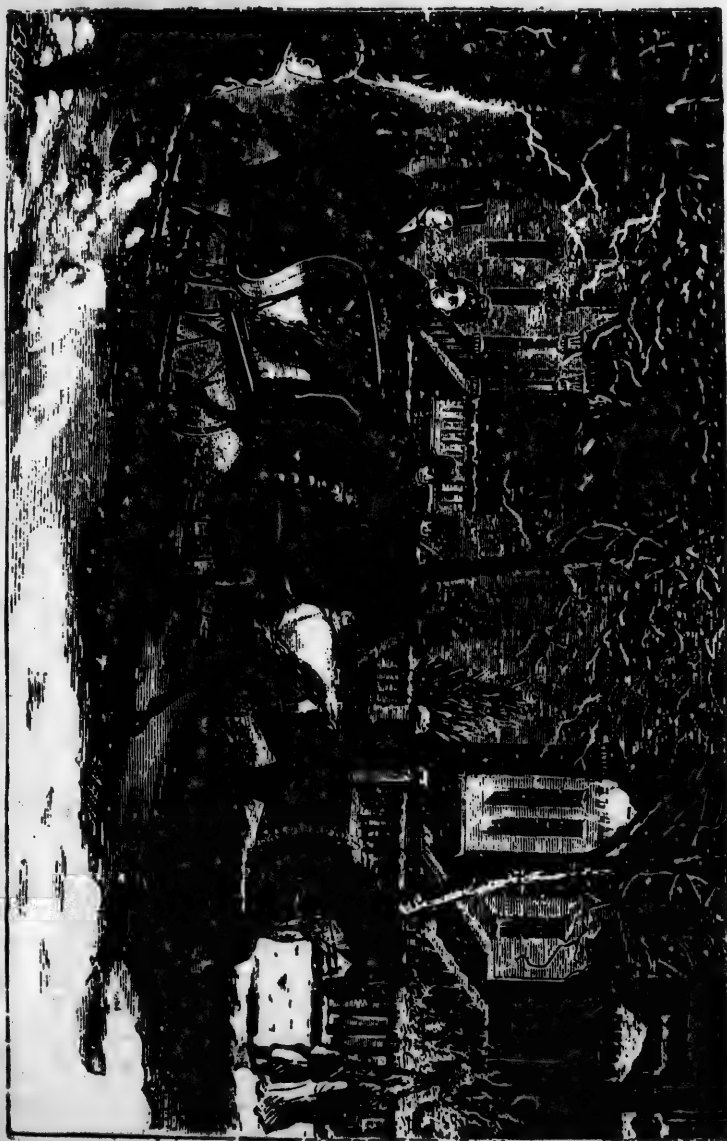
Mr. Thomas here expressed his thanks to the official, and after a brief exchange of commonplace, gave him a polite good morning and left the office.

Proceeding in the direction of the hotel he soon encountered his brother detective, and learned from him that Wales had just entered the office of a livery stables, beyond the corner of the adjacent block. Both now loitered around, and in about fifteen minutes' time the object of their attentions was seen driving out of the stables in a gayly appointed cutter, with a handsome buffalo robe spread out before him. He had a lively bay horse in hand, which he steered proudly along to the door of the Wilson house. There he alighted, and passing the lines to an attendant porter, skipped into the hotel as for a brief call.

The opportunity was not lost on Thomas. He promptly ran to the same livery stables, procured another sleigh, and drove quickly back to where Delaney remained watching Wales.

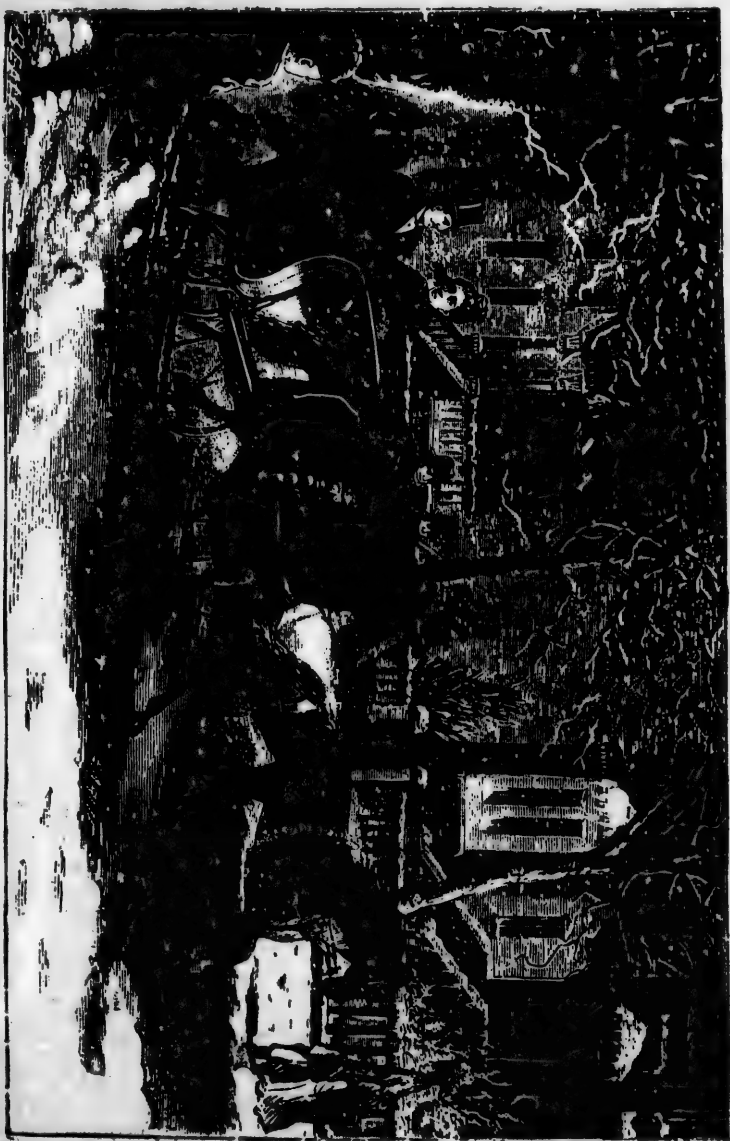
Wales drove round and about lazily through the principal streets, as if merely designing a survey of their attractions.

The detectives had no difficulty in keeping him in view, nor much fear that he should specially notice them—for his attention was fully absorbed by the management of his horse. At last the swindler seemed to take a look at his watch, after which he turned into a quiet avenue, and drove more rapidly to the eastern outskirts of the village.



THE OTHER OVERTOOK AND DASHED EAST. THE OFFICERS.

THE CUTTHROAT OVERLOOK AND DASHED PASS. N.Y. OFFICERS.



On the eastern road from North Adams Wales drew up his cutter by the side-walk, where a lady stood waiting. As he jumped out and greeted her warmly, and then busied himself with fixing for her accomodation the sleigh-robe and shawl, the detectives drove slowly past, making a keen inspection of Miss Carrie Levison, for that was the lady herself. A bright-faced, pretty-looking creature she was, in the first flush of womanhood, with a pyramid of glossy black hair piled up under her jaunty little hat. A pouting cherry-ripe mouth; large, lustrous black eyes, under perfect brows; plump features of exquisite regularity; and a complexion rosy with health, and beaming with animation completed the picture of a Hebe that might tempt St. Anthony.

In a very few moments the cutter overtook and dashed past the officers, the swindler being seated close up to Miss Levison, and apparently oblivious of everything save her musical chatter. The "fair defect of nature" at his side had now enchained him in bondage most absolute.

Carrie was at last let down at a quiet corner of the avenue, and wended her homeward way on foot. Wales then put up his sleigh at the livery stables and returned into the Wilson House.

At four o'clock the swindler again left the hotel, and accompanied by his baggage, got aboard the train for Pittsfield. Thomas and Delaney went separately into the same car, and exchanged a swift glance of intelligence as they simultaneously noted that Carrie Levison was already seated therein. She was not near Wales, however, and no sign of recognition seemed to pass between them.

Arrived at Pittsfield, the whole party got out, and Wales bought two tickets for Boston, still keeping apart from his enticing fellow-traveller. As the passengers crowded into the Boston cars, he lagged a little behind the rest. So, too, did the anxious Mr. Thomas.

At Springfield the pair had supper together, and then

resumed the same seat until the train reached Palmer Junction. When the cars stopped here, Miss Levison quitted her companion, and got out, the latter exhibiting no sign of a like intention. Their parting had been so unceremonious, however, that Thomas suspected a trick, and motioned to the other detective to hold fast.

As soon as the train had fairly started, Wales sprang up from his seat, went out on the front platform, and dropped off the car.

In an instant Thomas was at Delaney's side.

"Just as I thought," he said quickly; "going to stop here over night. You drop off and stick by 'em; I'll go to Boston for our dispatches. Telegraph the Agency how it is; and look out for me at the depot when you come."

Rapid as thought Delaney went through the same door as Wales, but only swung himself off when the train had passed out of the shed, and he knew he would be unseen by the tricky fugitive. The increasing speed of the cars, and the fact that he had to jump down on the road-bed, made it a performance of considerable risk, but I have already stated that Delaney was an intrepid officer.

In the main street of Palmer he came up with Wales and Carrie, the former all smiles and confidence, now having the girl on his arm. At the Otawaso House they had soon registered their names as "Harry Norman and wife, Cleveland, Ohio," and very shortly after both retired to their room.

Mr. Delaney sent a brief telegram to the Agency, and once more slept soundly under the same roof with the criminal.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN BOSTON.—THE DETECTIVES LOCATE THEMSELVES IN CLOSE COMPANIONSHIP TO THE GAY COUPLE—WALES, IN HIS FANCIED SECURITY, MAKES DAMAGING CONFESSIONS.—OTHER INTERESTING FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

THE following morning Wales and his young mistress came down early to breakfast. When that was despatched he procured a sleigh and drove out with Carrie a few miles into the country. The weather had become colder, and the rude gusts from the North whirled the snow around them in spiteful gusts. But they chatted and laughed with all the gaiety of youth and innocence; while the girl was heard to remark that the day was "perfectly splendid!"

At two o'clock in the afternoon Wales and Carrie took the Boston train, on which they occupied an end compartment of a drawing-room car. Without any incident worth noting, the party arrived in Boston shortly before six o'clock—only one of the number knowing that the young gentleman who lounged about in the depot was Mr. J. R. Thomas, also a recent arrival from Northern Ohio. That gentleman lounged to some purpose, too, for he managed to be near enough to the hack which Wales and Carrie had entered, to hear the order given to drive to the Revere House. The detectives at once took a hack to themselves, and were deposited in the same hotel just in time to see Wales turn away from the register, and pass up the stair-case with Carrie by the hand.

Early that morning, before it became advisable to go to the railroad depot, Mr. Thomas had called for his letters at the office of the Adams' Express Company. There he received and acknowledged my latest dispatches, from

which his instructions had been elaborated by the General Superintendent.

At half-past seven o'clock, the evening of their arrival, Wales and Carrie took a hack at the Revere House and proceeded to the Boston Theatre.

On the morrow, the pair went to a matinee at the Boston Museum, and in the evening to the Howard Athenæum.

But however diverting to Wales and the pretty young sinner from North Adams, this routine of pastimes was most wearisome to the officers. A grave responsibility reposed in their hands, and they were itching to see their task to a safe termination. During the three days since his arrival in Boston, Wales had neither made any calls, met any acquaintance, nor held any visible correspondence that would indicate a purpose to adventure in his nefarious business. The conviction began to impress itself on his unseen watchers that he had merely come East for "a big jamboree;" or, as Thomas suggested in one of his pithy reports—"to cater to the lascivious pleatings of the frail Carrie."

On the day last chronicled, therefore, that energetic officer decided to make a sort of advance on the enemy's works. In reconnoitring through the Revere House he had ascertained that room No. 157, adjoining the apartment of "Harry Norman and wife," had been some time unoccupied. A brief examination also showed him that a person in either of those apartments could hear almost every word that was clearly spoken in the other. On a pretence that he and his New York friend, Mr. Delaney, were desirous of a room of just that size, he induced the hotel clerk to transfer them to No. 157. When Delaney came home from the theatre, shadowing Wales and Carrie, his associate informed him of the change of quarters, and urged that on retiring they should make as little noise as possible, so their neighbours might not perceive that the room had found tenants.

The room occupied by the guilty pair, and the one in which the detective had ensconced himself, had evidently been used *en suite*, at some former time, and were still separated by folding doors, the upper part of which were fitted with ground-glass panes for admitting light, but excluding sight. Within the upper row of these panes there had been a light broken which was replaced by an unground light; so that by quietly moving his table to this door, placing a chair upon the table, and then mounting this structure, Delaney could not only look down upon the apparently happy couple, but also hear every word of their conversation, which was of far more importance, for it was an hour of revelations and confidences between the fascinating couple, at their dainty little breakfast; and he lost no time in availing himself of this new and unexpected advantage.

At one time Wales exclaimed:

"If I was pulled now I am gone up!"

Further on he was heard to say, evidently after the narration of some boasted exploit:

"It took a long time to work the job right, at least four months, and a good deal of study; I thought at one time my chances weren't worth a red."

And again he remarked:

"I wouldn't like to have been caught, though, for I don't like to disgrace the folks at home; and I don't fancy hard work either, or learning a new trade."

The clink of the bottle and glasses, and the pleasant clatter of the dishes were here again heard, and at the same moment Thomas re-entered the room in which Delaney was perched eavesdropping.

It was evident that their neighbours had not heard the entrance of Thomas, for Wales now launched out in a more reliant tone, and began to favour Carrie with reminiscences of his past life. He spoke of the time when he was a mail agent on the eastern route; and of his having

frequently opened money letters, and appropriated their contents.

"I can tell," said he, boastfully, and therefore quite distinctly, "by the feeling of them whether there is any money in them. If there were a hundred letters in a package, and ten of them contained money, I could pick out the whole ten without a single mistake."

"How *could* you tell, Harry?" was he: the inquiry of the interested Miss Levison.

"Oh! practice makes perfect, you know," was the satisfactory explanation of Wales; and then he added: "The 'cops' were put on me and Hobart and another chap for awhile; but they couldn't catch *me* napping. I used to 'tumble to them' regular whenever they came into our car, and if there was any noise about a lost money letter I could shove the suspicion on some of the others. One time, however, there was a cop named Wright that figured me down pretty close; but I gave him the very haul I was after making, to settle the whole matter with him."

Wales next spoke of a man who had come into the mail car one day, passing right by Hobart to where he was standing and said, "I am the United States Marshal." The remainder of this incident did not penetrate to the ears of the detectives, but its conclusion was heard in the chuckling boast of the thief—"And I had over a dozen letters in my pocket at the very time; I could take all I wanted, indeed, if the cops were in the very car with me."

From these unedifying memories the swindler once more returned to the present; and he blithely informed Miss Carrie, that "settling down" was a step he had now finally resolved on. He next recalled to the hapless girl the numerous good things he had lately done for her! He catalogued, with atrocious fidelity, all the presents he had made her, both in dress and trinkets, and also the sums of money he had given her—and even went so far as to figure up the exact total for her, at \$593. But even

this incredible baseness went quite unrebuked by his callous little victim—there occurring to her no better than this mercenary suggestion:

"Well, I think now, Harry, that you might as well give me the other seven dollars, and make it the even six hundred!"

She turned her pouting lips up towards him, and reached out her pretty white hand as she said this, seeming the incarnation of deviltry and sweetness. Her paramour looked at her admiringly for a moment, and then flung her a bill of large denomination, which, with a merry little burst of laughter, she put in her bosom for a temporary receptacle, in a very business-like way, when the breakfast and the conversation was resumed.

The detectives were not sorry when this singular conversation was ended; which it now was, by Wales jumping up and proposing a carriage ride. The girl agreed quite readily; and a few moments later the officers heard them pass through the corridor on their way down-stairs. Delaney at once started out to follow them in a hack; while Thomas hastened to the telegraph office to transmit to the Agency the essence of the morning's conversation.

Early the same afternoon, and while the shadowed pair were still out of doors, Thomas was informed by the hotel Superintendent—to whom he had confided just an inkling of his business—that the Ohio gentleman and his wife, who roomed next door to him, were leaving for the West by the night express.

"For the West, did you say, sir?" inquired the detective eagerly.

"Yes, sir; Mr. Norman told me they were about returning home," answered the obliging potentate of the Revere.

This important news was instantly transmitted to the Philadelphia Agency; Mr. Linden having been specially entrusted with the management of Wales' arrest. If Wales were arrested outside of Pennsylvania, the process

required to authorize his removal might involve some delay, and would certainly be attended with wide publicity—while neither delay nor publicity would at this point be tolerated.

The arrest of Miss Levison had been determined on at my own suggestion—that not being the wife of Wales, she was really a *particeps criminis*. Even if not finally arraigned, she could be held as an accessory in his crimes; and she might prove a valuable instrument in breaking him down, and perhaps in discovering to us the other criminals.

So far, at least, as W. R. Wales was concerned, the course of our operations now seemed clear.

CHAPTER XIX.

WALES AND CARRIE LEVISON, ACCOMPANIED BY THEIR TWO INVISIBLE ATTENDANTS, LEAVE BOSTON—A DARK SHADOW OF APPREHENSION—
THE FINAL ARREST OF WALES.

BUT the swindler did not carry out his intention of leaving Boston that night, but in the morning, quite early, the detectives could distinguish from his room the notes of preparation. At eight o'clock Wales had settled up his bill, and shortly afterwards left the Revere in a hack; the baggage of himself and Carrie, which accompanied them, giving assurance of their final exodus.

At the Boston and Albany depot Wales bought two tickets for the last-named city; and Detective Thomas did the same.

No incident worthy of record befell them during this trip, until the party reached Albany at three o'clock in the afternoon. The same as in Boston, Mr. "H. Norman

and wife," of Yarmouth, O., were speedily registered at the Delavan House; and not knowing what stay they intended, their faithful shadows followed their example.

At two o'clock the next afternoon the pair descended to the ladies parlour, and at the ticket agency in the hotel, Wales purchased a single ticket for North Adams, and had Carrie's trunk re-checked for that destination. He then accompanied her to the cars, where he seated her quite tenderly: and just as the train was about starting, gave her a warm shake hands and a farewell kiss.

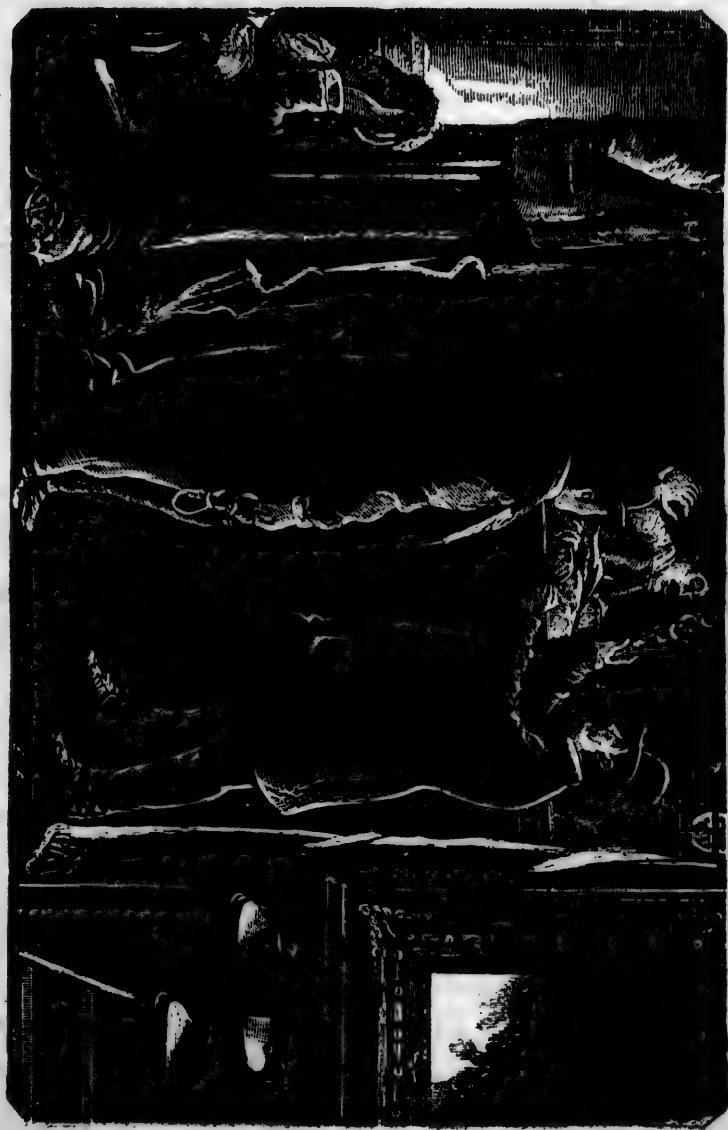
The detectives had been lurking near, quite ready to jump on the train if Wales had remained in the cars. They now followed him back to the Delavan, and noticed, as they did, that he was already a changed man. The illusory gleam of pleasure had given place on his countenance to the dark shadows of apprehension. His brief interval of revelry at an end, he seemed again remitted to the companionship of his guilt.

In the marble corridors of the Delavan he now walked up and down during a weary half hour.

At last, the thief turned into the bar room, and having gulped down a large drink of brandy, walked quickly back to the office, like one who had torn himself from indecision into settled purpose. Here he paid his bill, and directed a porter to bring down his trunk and valise, and have the articles checked for Toledo at once. This having been done, and the baggage sent over to the depot, he hastened out himself to the westward-bound train, and promptly took his seat in a drawing-room car. So, likewise, did the pertinacious officers; and in little more than an hour from his parting with Carrie, they were again his fellow-travellers—watchful of him, yet unheeded; strangers to him, yet instruments in his fate.

It was half-past three o'clock when the train started, but no change occurred until its arrival at Rochester in the evening, when Wales got out and took a berth in a sleeping-coach. The detectives paid for a section in the

"WILLIAM B. WALES, YOU ARE OUR PRISONER."



same car, but not, by any means, to use it as a sleeping apartment. Even had they been thus disposed, sleep would have vanished from their eyelids, at the thought of the approaching consummation of their important duty. In the dim light of the section, they sat whispering in a low key, as the train thundered along in the darkness, only peeping out during its stoppages to assure themselves that there was no movement of the occupant of No. 4—the section in which the thief had his berth. The latter, however, appeared to sleep soundly throughout the night.

It wanted but little of four o'clock in the morning when the locomotive crossed the New York State line and entered Pennsylvania—rattling along at a good speed towards Erie. Without a moment's delay the two detectives got up and passed into No. 4 Section. Wales, who was its only occupant, was still in a deep sleep, but Thomas shook him sturdily by the shoulder till he awoke.

"Who is it?—what do you want?" said the swindler, snappishly, as he looked up with a dazed expression at the intruders.

"William R. Wales, you are our prisoner," answered Thomas, in a low, distinct voice, but without taking his hand from the reclining man.

He added:

"Now, if you want to get through without making a sensation for the railroad folks—and I rather think you do—you will just spring up and dress yourself at once; we shall be at Erie in a few minutes, and we must take you off the cars there."

"What for?—where's your warrant?" demanded Wales with tolerable composure, although his eyes still gleamed as in a conflict of surprise and vexation.

"You are going straight to Philadelphia under a warrant sworn out in that city—just listen to it a moment, and then hurry up."

In a rapid but quiet manner, Mr. Thomas here read to

him the warrant of arrest, omitting only the *aliases* under which his prisoner was named. Recognizing, apparently, that all was in due form, and that the least hesitation would only bring about a more hateful exposure, Wales promptly stood up, and proceeded to don his attire.

All the papers the thief had about him seemed to be in a stout pocket-book, which was taken from the breast of his coat. The removal of this article, and its transfer to the pocket of Thomas, appeared to cast a cloud over the face of his prisoner. His watch, and money—of which there was about three hundred dollars—with other articles of no special significance, were left undisturbed in his pockets.

Wales was brought to the Ellsworth House, and taken into a private room, to await the departure of the Philadelphia Express, which would start from Erie about a quarter past eight.

During the detention at the Ellsworth the swindler recovered somewhat his self-assurance, although he spoke but little, and that only in reply to the observations of his captors. When Thomas made a reference to the serious difficulty in which his crimes had entangled him, he smiled in affected derision, and said :

"Pshaw ! that's all stuff ; I have done no crimes against the law, except to make a bit of money by gambling, and your mighty Mr. Pinkerton will know that before long,"

"Well," observed the detective, "Mr. Pinkerton is just the man to give you a chance, if he finds there are worse in the crowd than you are."

To this remark Wales made no answer, but Thomas could fancy from his countenance that he had listened to it not without interest.

Taking advantage of an earnest talk in which Delaney engaged him, Thomas now made a hasty inspection of the book which had been taken from his breast pocket. Apparently it was a memorandum book, or business diary—if crime may be expressed as a business—and was all in

the handwriting of Wales, but disguised in a cipher which the officer failed to interpret. In the pockets of the cover were a number of photographs of Carrie Levison, taken at Delavan, Ohio.

Of all the entries in the book itself, a list of addresses, which filled three or four pages, alone were traced in ordinary writing. To the officer, however, it was supremely interesting, for it included such familiar names as "R. D. Randall, Newark, N. J.," "Randall & Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.," "Wales and Reed, Clyde, Ohio," "R. W. Davis" and "Miss Lizzie Greenleaf, at Dunstable Bros., No.— Wood street, Pittsburg," which last the reader may recall as the name of Dudley's sister-in-law.

Shortly before noon the party arrived in Philadelphia, and Wales was removed quickly to the Agency.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. BANGS DECIDES TO MAKE A THIEF ASSIST IN CATCHING A FORGER—
"BREAKING" WALES "DOWN."

IN a very few minutes after the arrival of Wales at the Agency, its threshold was also crossed by my General Superintendent, Mr. Bangs, who had come from New York by the morning's express. For several nights previous, in connection with other operations, he had been continuously on the wing. Landing at New York, after a tedious night's ride, he was greeted the same morning by the telegram Thomas had sent from Erie, announcing the arrest of Wales. The real forgers were still at large, and if these went unwhipt of justice, her vindication would be anything but satisfactory.

But as the blotting-paper had revealed Wales, so might

Wales discover to us the forgers. In some way or another he had undoubtedly participated in their crimes. Besides that, he was steeped in guilt of another kind, and therefore lacking in stability of purpose. If he could only be induced to make a confession, or even disclose the whereabouts of Dudley, the rest of our work might be accomplished without special difficulty. In all the complications and obscurities of the case, the identity of Dudley had loomed out most conspicuously.

"We must have Dudley, at all events," was now the Superintendent's watchword, "and Wales himself must help us to catch him!"

The delicate task of breaking down our captive to this point, was that which Mr. Bangs had now entered upon. Its issue was so vital to our success that he preferred assuming it himself, and at once, to delegating its difficulties to less competent hands.

The first step of Mr. Bangs, then, was to hold brief conferences with Thomas and Delaney, so as to be informed of the demeanour of their captive down to the latest moment. He caused them to repeat to him separately, and with greater minuteness, the conversation between Wales and Carrie, overheard in the Revere House. He also made a rigorous inspection of the memorandum-book taken from Wales at the time of his arrest. Thus prepared, he caused his coming to be announced to the prisoner, and at once stepped up-stairs to the room wherein he was secluded—now recomposed, and refreshed by an ample meal.

With frank solicitude Mr. Bangs first inquired of him if his personal wants had been attended to; if he now felt good after his long railroad journey; and if the detectives had shown due courtesy in the performance of their disagreeable duty?

Wales was seated in a chair near the stove, with one leg thrown carelessly over the other, and replied to these

various questions with ready affirmatives, not untinged with pleasantry.

"This is rather a serious trouble into which your evil associates have led you," next observed the Superintendent gravely.

"I don't quite see it that way," was the quick response of the prisoner; I fail to perceive that I am in any such serious trouble, and I have no very bad associates that I am aware of."

"I presume," inquired Mr. Bangs, "that our officers read to you the warrant under which you are arrested?"

"Mr. Thomas read a warrant to me, sir," replied Wales quite tranquilly; but I really don't know what to make of it. It charges me with something in which I had neither act nor part, and in fact I don't know of my doing anything against the law except gambling."

Such answers as these were not unexpected by Mr. Bangs, who, however, put some further questions, designed to show his intimacy with the details of the felonies, and how deeply Wales was implicated in them. But the latter without any hesitancy encountered them all in a similar fashion, either by flat denial, or ready-witted evasion.

"Now, Wales," at last said the Superintendent, in a tone of some severity, "this is the merest trifling with my time, and with your own grave situation. "I assure you it can do no good to deceive yourself as to the gravity of your crimes, and the heavy penalty they involve. And, aside from such penalty to yourself, you should not forget what their consequences must be to your respected parents. They neither shared in your frauds, nor were conscious of their heinous character, and yet, their hearts must ache, and their home be made desolate, because of your crime and degradation.

Wales appeared to wince under these terrible blows, but it was not the Superintendent's purpose to crush out all hope from his bosom. He continued, in a kindly way:

"But while I warn you that this last feature of your

career may now be forced to the light, and that the Postmaster-General would fail in his public duty if he did not take action thereupon, I will not say that it must necessarily be so, or that he may not be influenced by the mitigating circumstances in the present case. To these mitigating circumstances you can yourself add the strongest of all. Suppose, for instance, he were made aware that you had helped the cause of justice by surrendering these forgers, he might well be induced to say to a court or district-attorney: 'The government cannot ignore this man's acts, but he was formerly a trusted employee of the department, and through the evil associations of later days has been led into what he now seems to deplore; the department, therefore, is so far impressed by his repentance, and by other matters brought to its notice, that it craves for him as lenient a judgment as the law will permit.' You have sense enough to know that an appeal such as this would season justice with mercy, and probably reduce your punishment to a minimum."

A ray, as of the soft light of hope, seemed to struggle through the set desperation that had covered the face of Wales.

"I ask you," he resumed, "how *she* will feel when your obstinate silence has dragged her from the merciful retirement of home, and forced her on the witness-stand of a criminal court to tell what she knows of yourself and your associates in crime."

As he spoke these words, Mr. Bangs looked full in the eyes of Wales. For a time the latter quailed not, but at length he changed colour, and his glance fell cowering beneath the gaze of the Superintendent, who now followed up his advantage.

"Yes, sir," he continued with energy, "if you yourself do not tear away the secrecy that surrounds these forgers, Carrie Levison will undoubtedly be forced to do it. And what she must reveal during the process, as you well know, may strike harder and deeper than even the most vindic-

tive prosecution could desire. Alone and conspicuous in a crowded court-room, agitated by her surroundings, and badgered by some relentless lawyer, she cannot but heap destruction on the very head she would screen. She will tell all, Wales, *all*—and I need not inform *you* what that comprises. And what, pray, will be the consequences to herself? What will be her next step. She would leave such a court-room a forlorn and branded girl—one who had not only locked the prison doors on the man she loved, but for ever closed against herself the portals of society! Is it too much to apprehend that in such dire straits she would hasten to the nearest drug-store, or to some steep river bank—and then, then—you know the rest; discovery of a young girl's corpse, a gaping crowd, a coroner's inquest, and lastly, a brief, chilling verdict to record the close of a sad life-history."

Wales had covered up his face with his hands toward the conclusion of these startling utterances. The Superintendent felt that he might leave him to his reflections, and retired from the room; the officer whose turn it was to keep guard over Wales, re-entering without a moment's delay.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. BANGS SUCCEEDS IN SECURING A CONFESSION FROM WALES.—SOME OF THE PLUNDER IS ALSO RECOVERED.

THE interview just recorded took place on Saturday afternoon. During the remainder of the evening, and throughout the following day, Wales continued in a kind of gloomy lethargy. He was apparently revolving in his own mind the suggestions of Mr. Bangs, and paint-

ing to himself, perhaps, in still more sombre colours, the consequences of his conviction to those near and dear to him.

Late on Sunday evening the Superintendent called into the room, and after inquiring as to the captive's health, exchanged a few remarks with him about the weather, and other such commonplaces. The share of Wales in this brief conversation was clearly that of a person who was preoccupied by graver themes; and who suffered the abasement which crime ever feels in the presence of rectitude. Of himself or his concerns he spoke not a word. He had evidently not yet screwed up his courage to the sticking point; which in his case meant the plowing up of the past and its criminal associations, to prepare for the growth of a more manly future. Mr. Bangs, therefore, who is a true Lavater in his profession, remained with Wales but a few brief moments. As he returned down stairs he said to himself: "We must give him enough time—the medicine works well!"

Monday passed over without any incident worth mention.

The following day, about noon, the officer named was seated in the room with Wales, when the latter jumped up from his chair, and without any preamble enquired if Mr. Bangs was in the building?

"Can't say," replied Thomas, without even looking up from the book.

"Did you want to see the Superintendent?" he next inquired of Wales, aloud.

"Yes, please; I should like to see him to-day,"

Thomas at once passed the word outside, but it was quite half an hour before Mr. Bangs entered the room, and temporarily released the detective from his charge. He greeted Wales courteously, and took a chair in front of that which the latter occupied. A single glance at the face of the prisoner informed him that his success had been complete. The swindler had become a man again,

in having resolved on the purgation of his conscience. It were needless to detail the long interview that ensued between Wales and my General Superintendent. The criminal confessed with absolute unreserve; and Mr. Bangs had little more to do than to name the points on which he desired to be enlightened.

Almost at the outset came the explanation of the secret that had baffled and perplexed us from the beginning of the operations—that in all the thieving, swindling and forging transactions there were but two accomplices, W. R. Wales himself, and R. L. Dudley! The former, in person, was the one who had plundered the mails; and the latter had been the forger and collector of the drafts, first at Pittsburg under his real name, and elsewhere under the various *aliases* of Randall, Cone, Davis, Rugby, and Gray.

With regard to their methods Mr. Bangs elicited, that having himself been in the mail service on the Yarmouth and Cleveland line, Wales had become acquainted with the different route agents, and when traveling over the road could at all times ride in the mail cars. It was his frequent custom, also, to take a hand on such occasions in the distribution of the mails; either to lighten the general labors, or to accommodate individual indolence. In Hobart's car he was specially welcome; not only because of his early intimacy with that individual, but because he usually brought with him good cigars and a flask of brandy or whisky, and Hobart was a person who relished a sly stimulant. Occasionally, indeed, he used the stimulant so freely, that it promoted the very indolence which made the thief's opportunity. Once engaged in sorting the letters, the latter was enabled to pick out such as were likely to contain money or drafts, unaided and undetected by any one in the mail car.

Meanwhile Dudley would have established himself under a pretence in some eastern city, where the drafts of a suitable character would be brought to him by the thief

for forgery and collection. When this was accomplished, an equal division of the plunder ensued, and Wales then returned to Redrock until Dudley was again ready for him.

Of Dudley Mr. Bangs now learned, that, during the period under consideration, he had no settled place of abode. He had always travelled with his wife, and very rarely resided in the city where he established his bogus business—preferring some quiet village within easy railroad access.

Mrs. Dudley, the prisoner affirmed, was quite aware of her husband's criminal transactions, and mostly carried his money; while her unmarried sister at Pittsburg knew there was something wrong, but certainly not its exact nature. Meanwhile, excepting this latter person,—Miss Lizzie Greenleaf,—who maintained with the Dudleys a semi-occasional correspondence, he knew of no living being who would have their addresses. Of this young lady, Wales spoke in the highest terms, both as to her personal probity and stainless character.

Concerning his young paramour, Miss Carrie Levison, Wales was fain to admit that she knew there was an illicit confederacy between himself and Dudley; but he was so reluctant to tell the precise extent of her knowledge, and exhibited such genuine anguish at the idea of incriminating her, that the Superintendent mercifully forbore to press him on this point.

"For the present at least," thought Mr. Bangs, "we may leave the poor thing in her seclusion,—nor ever disturb her, perhaps, if we can reach Mr. Dudley by other means."

To anticipate the risk that Wales was playing him false, the Superintendent asked him if he would consent to abide at the Agency until we accomplished Dudley's arrest,—or, would he prefer to be formally charged at the Police Court, and committed to Moyamensing Prison?

Convinced as the captive was, that his best chance lay

in Dudley being arrested through his confession, and indicted before himself, he pleaded earnestly to be allowed to remain where he was. He would employ the interval, he said, in making what restitution he could, by yielding up the plunder in his possession, and facilitating by his disclosures the capture of the other criminal. As an earnest of his good intentions, he at once gave a very full description of Dudley and wife, as also of such of his belongings as might serve to track them down.

Wales was in no hurry to change. He wrote to his brother at Redrock, explaining that he had entered into an oil speculation in Pennsylvania, and would be away from home for a limited period.

CHAPTER XXII.

WALES, HAVING CONFESSED, IS FURTHER RELIEVED BY GIVING A HISTORY OF HIMSELF, HIS ACCOMPLICES, THE STILL UNCAUGHT DUDLEY, AND OF THEIR ACQUAINTANCE, EXPERIENCES AND DEPREDATIONS.

ONCE having disclosed the true character and extent of his misdeeds, Wales seemed to experience a certain kind of cheerfulness. From being morose and taciturn, he now became social and communicative.

Although the captive told enough to Mr. Bangs to give consistency to our estimate of Dudley, much was still learned of the twain that possessed for us a lively interest. From these intermittent revelations, sometimes made to one detective and sometimes to another, I gathered a more connected history of the rogues and their iniquitous partnership, which may fittingly be related between the capture of the one and the further pursuit of the other.

Wales was a native of the Buckeye State, and first saw the light in Sandusky county, about twenty-seven years before the opening of this narrative. At that time, and during much of his boyhood, his father kept a waggon and blacksmith shop, and usually farmed a small tract of land.

Shortly after his majority William R. Wales was made a postal route-agent, on the line running eastward through Yarmouth and Cleveland. About two or three months subsequently, Hobart was appointed on the same car with him, and for a considerable time both continued to work at the same table. A similarity of tastes—and some of them, be it said, were grossly vicious—soon led to the formation of a close intimacy, though Wales denied to us persistently that he ever saw any reason to conclude that Hobart was dishonest.

He was not very long, however, in becoming a thief, himself. The expensive vices of the cities, and an almost barbaric taste for trinkets, could not well be indulged in on the meagre salary of a postal clerk. The greenbacks were fresh and crisp in those days, and he soon learned to distinguish the letters that contained them. So was it with bank bills, and other money enclosures, large numbers of which he appropriated without scruple and spent without remorse.

At that period he could not make any use of drafts; and was even so ignorant of business methods as scarcely to know their pecuniary significance. When he happened to violate a letter containing one of these instruments, or an equally inconvertible money order, he would destroy it by fire on the first opportunity, lest accident should reveal and make it an agent in his destruction.

Although clouded by suspicion, and occasionally watched and baited by the Special Agents,—as we have heard him vaunting to Miss Levison at the Revere House,—Wales succeeded throughout in escaping detection; nor did he leave the service of the Post Office until a change

of administration caused the usual dislodgment of *patriots* over the land.

Although now married to an estimable young wife, the career of the discharged postal-clerk became one of restlessness and vicissitude.

What his conjugal life may have been during this period can only be imagined from the resulting facts. With the last ramparts of honor and principle fast crumbling away, it is reasonable to infer that the sanctities of a pure love had become quite as unpalatable to him as a life of honest labor.

At all events, somewhat more than a year before the point at which our story opens, Wales had abandoned his loyal wife and drifted to the city of St. Louis, with the avowed determination to rid himself of her entirely.

On first arriving in the city he had rented a small lodging room in a private house; but after some little time the landlady suggested to him that he might have better accommodations at a reduced rate, if he would take one of her large rooms, and agree to share its accommodations with some other lodger.

"Really I have no objection, Mrs. Burroughs, so long as the party is a gentleman," was the response of Wales to the lady's proposition, caressing as he spoke his amber moustache, so as to display to advantage the Alaska diamond that newly glittered on his finger.

About a week subsequently Wales entered his room one evening to find it occupied by a strange man, whom he rightly conjectured to be his future fellow-lodger.

The latter was a well-dressed individual, of engaging presence, and dignified gentlemanly deportment, somewhat taller, and a few years older, than Wales himself.

With a faint trace, or affectation, more likely—of English accent, he apologized for his intrusion, and explained the circumstances under which the landlady has sent him there. He did it, withal, in such well-chosen language, and with such stately grace, that Wales was completely

charmed with him. He acknowledged to himself that he could not have desired a nicer room-mate, and at once made up his mind that Mrs. Burrows was an excellent judge of gentlemen.

A proper understanding having been arrived at in regard to the room, its new occupant introduced himself as Robert L. Dudley, late of Pittsburg; Wales reciprocated by the disclosure of his own name; and in a very brief while the two were chatting of their views and experiences, like friends of long years' standing.

Dudley was not long in gaining an influence over his companion. On the very first night of their intercourse he ascertained that Wales was not in any business, and little cared indeed, what kind of business he should undertake, so long as there was "money to be made in it."

"Are you engaged in anything yourself, Mr. Dudley?" inquired the ex-mail agent, as the conversation proceeded.

"Haw! my dear fellah, you never catch Bob Dudley without a finger in some kind of pie. Yes, sir; I've just come on now from Porkopolis, where I spent a few days fixing up a little picture on which I think there's a devilish good stake to be made."

Arrived at Cincinnati, or Porkopolis, as the high-toned Dudley usually called it, the confederates made a pause to survey the situation. By this time they had come to understand each other well. There was no occasion for either to assume the mask of honesty with the other, and so, without disguise or hesitancy, they fell to mapping out schemes of plunder, as others might lay plans for legitimate undertakings.

In the course of one of their conversations Wales now mentioned the fact that he was formerly a postal-clerk on the Eastern mail route through Ohio; and also recounted some of his exploits as a mail depredator. Although despising his friend's braggadocio, Dudley on this occasion endured it in patience, and heard every detail with a devilish intensity of interest.



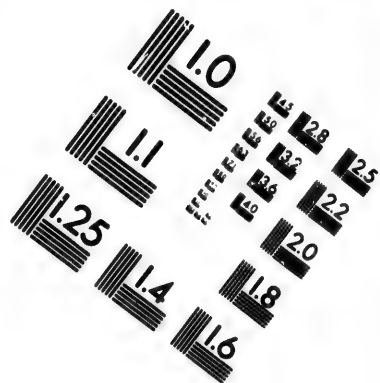
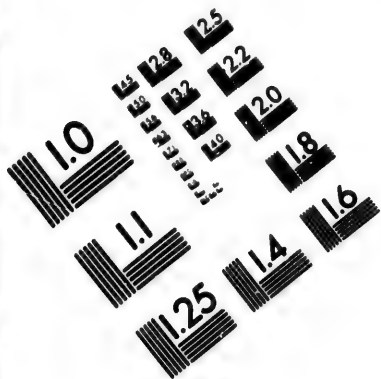
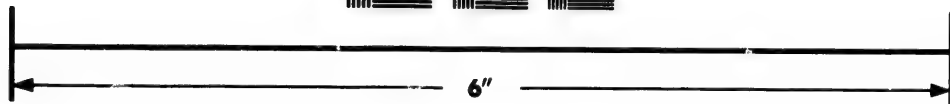
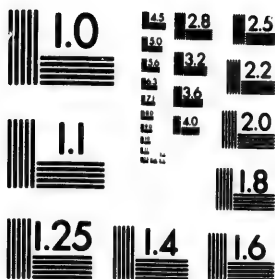


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"Are you still acquainted on the road?" he enquired of Wales, during a pause in the shameless recital.

"Oh, certainly," answered the Ohioan; "I have lots of friends; I could ride in the mail car with the boys any time I have a mind to."

"By Jove, my dear fellah, that's just the thing," exclaimed Dudley; "wait a minute."

After an interval of reflection the knave proceeded to outline his felonious plans, winding up with the assurance that if Wales could get hold of letters with commercial drafts in them, he, Dudley, would undertake to "doctor them up," and get the money on them,—which they would then divide equally as partners in the risk.

"Why, I have often burned the darned things in the stove," observed Wales, dejectedly, "not knowing how to make anything out of them."

"Well, *you* might not know, Mr. Wales," returned Dudley, with an air of tart superiority, "but I know the way very well. I have cooked and realized on bogus drafts many a time; so that if I could only handle a few genuine ones I would squeeze the money out of them without any danger whatever. I could collect on them, sir, just as *you* might on so many bank notes."

It was not in the disposition of Dudley to be very open-mouthed about his own transgressions, but at this point it seemed necessary to impress Wales with his capacity for the work of fraud. The latter was not long in yielding to the superior rogue. He consented to "go in" with Dudley as a partner in the infamous work,—he to steal drafts; Dudley to forge and collect them.

Having thus arranged things to his satisfaction, the forger at once started by way of Pittsburg for Buffalo; and Wales took train for Kelvin, Ohio, where he could strike the eastern mail so as to reach the same city.

The Mansion House in Buffalo was agree upon as the place of rendezvous.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ADDITIONAL EXPLOITS OF THE CRIMINALS, AS RELATED BY WALES TO
MR. PINKERTON'S OFFICERS.

WHEN Wales touched the line of the Michigan Southern Railroad at Kelvin, he had still three or four hours to wait for the arrival of the eastward-bound mail train. His design was to take passage by the same; travel in the postal car in Hobart's company; continue with the train until its arrival at Buffalo; and trust to the heedlessness or stupidity of the thirsty mail clerk, for the opportunities to embezzle some draft letters. Only too well had he learned how to distinguish the appearance of letters containing either money or drafts.

After partaking of a meal at a restaurant he strolled out through the little village to smoke a cigar. The air was hushed and pensive as if pregnant with coming storms.

Even now he could tear himself from the malign influence of Dudley, and build up a new life where the tempter could not reach him. Even yet he might disinfest his nature and renovate his heart, so as again to become worthy of a wife's and mother's caresses.

But how was all this to be accomplished? What must he do to be socially saved?

About seven o'clock in the evening, the mail train from the west came thundering along the depot at Kelvin. Before re-entering the station, Wales had procured some nice cigars and a bottle of Whisky, and with those in his valise he now passed at once into the mail car. Hobart received him with the old-time cordiality; and as the night wore on, and the parching dust found lodgment in his throat, he hesitated not to partake of the liquor which his former comrade pressed on him.

Not wishing to incur any risks at Buffalo, the swindlers at once took train for Albany in the same State. Assuming there the name of C. H. Rugby, Dudley forged the endorsements on three of the drafts, and put them for collection into the office of the American Express Company.

The fate of these drafts the reader has learned in a former chapter. They were the same of which the proceeds were returned to New York by a scrupulous express agent and which Dudley entirely failed to collect through the wise precaution of the eminent old dry-goods merchant, H. B. Claflin. The letter of introduction which was presented on that occasion was a clever forgery, the writing being imitated from the genuine communication of a customer in Kansas City, found among the letters rifled by Wales.

Wales was now completely in the toils.

"Oh! yes," thought the mail thief to himself, "so long as I work with Dud. there's piles of money in it. He's just the kind of rooster to put a job through."

With this sort of material to work upon, it was an easy matter for Dudley to persuade his human cat's-paw to call on him in Pittsburgh about the 30th of the same month,—undertaking to steal some draft letters on the journey.

"I only missed at Albany," asserted the forger, "through the confounded nicety of that express agent about the identification. In Pittsburgh I am well known, however, and can easily get identified for as high as \$10,000."

In due time Wales made his appearance at Pittsburg, having again taken a night ride with Hobart, and purloined more letters. It was now and here that he first saw Mrs. Dudley and her unmarried sister,—being privileged, as Mr. Harry Norman to escort the ladies to some local entertainments.

Under his own proper name, as we have already seen, Dudley succeeded here in making his first collections on forged paper through the medium of the Adams' Express

Company. The partition of this plunder gave each of the confederates a sum of \$750; which was about the largest amount of money of which Wales had ever had control at one time.

On his return to the village the thief was met by the announcement that his long-enduring wife had obtained a legal divorce. Beside the fact of his desertion, there had not been wanting proofs that he was a disloyal husband. He was relieved at his parents' home, however, as one of whom good things might be expected. Did ever yet a mother cease to have hope in her first-born?

But it was a very slender thread on which this mother hung her hopes. Wales had become a wilful, self-approved thief; and held himself in readiness to obey the behests of Dudley.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE FELONIOUS PAIR BROUGHT DOWN TO A POINT
WHERE THE MUCH-DESIRED DUDLEY BECAME INVISIBLE.

AFTER saying good-by to Dudley, Wales started out to return to the west. At one of his sojourning places, it is needless to say which, he now seems to have met the infatuated girl whom we saw with him later on at North Adams and Boston. As her actual identity—both as to name and residence—is carefully disguised in this volume, the hope may here be expressed that Carrie Levison did not make sacrifice of her honour, except under conditions of the most trying temptation. If plausible manners, lying promises, and false pretences as his means and family, were the snares required to entrap this victim, the heartless libertine I am describing was fully capable of them all. Anyhow they passed a night

together in a city at some distance from her father's home, and thenceforth their illicit correspondence was continued without apparent scruple.

Passing over some of the intermediate felonies we now come to Dudley in Philadelphia, where first we met with him as T. H. Cone. From this point he forwarded to his satellite at Redrock the usual letter of advice, the same of which the envelope left its traces on the tell-tale blotting paper.

Dudley's methods were again quite successful. A large sum of money was realized, and the swindlers decamped as usual; but all unconscious, of course, that these latest crimes would unleash in their pursuit the hounds of justice. On the division of the plunder Wales went to Albany, New York, where he was almost immediately joined by Dudley and his wife, the forger taking up quarters in a boarding house under the name of W. W. Gray, and at once hiring an office in Troy as a dealer in railroad iron.

On invitation from her profligate lover, Carrie Levison also met the party at Albany; and after an interval of dissipation, in which all had some part, was taken by Wales to the dainty little village of Catskill, nestling under the mountains of the same name. After a sojourn of several days the thief left her here alone, and again returned to Redrock; having agreed to secure more drafts and rejoin Dudley in Albany.

He was entirely faithful to the villainous engagement. Taking the train, soon after, from Yarmouth, he succeeded in abstracting a number of letters; of which, those containing drafts were delivered by him to Dudley at the Delavan House in Albany. It was during this trip of Wales that the reader was called on to pay his first visit to Redrock, in company with our detective, Mr. Thomas.

Next morning Dudley went over to Troy, and, as W. W. Gray, deposited drafts for \$1,300 in the office of the National Express Company. A further draft for nearly

\$16,000 was also a part of the plunder, but of this he decided that the collection must be attempted in New York. The accomplished fraud was very well aware that its presentation at any other than a large business centre would inevitably suggest the inquiry how it came there. The transactions involving such large payments are few and far between in a place like Albany.

Meanwhile Miss Levison had remained at Catskill, and Wales proceeded by the way of that village to take her along with him to New York, where he had arranged to meet Dudley and wife at the Metropolitan Hotel on Broadway.

To insure the collection of the large draft in New York, the forger was now depending on some mercantile acquaintance in that city. At the express office, however, he was informed that the identification by this person would not be sufficient; and so leaving behind them their female companions, the disappointed swindlers hurried back again to Troy. In the latter city, by this time, the proceeds of the other drafts had been received at the express office. Procuring an identification from a hotel-keeper, at whose establishment he had frequently stopped, the daring forger received the \$1,300; and then, without delay, put in for collection the large draft.

In the hall of the paying bank Dudley was accordingly on hand at an early hour. On the pretence that he was waiting for a friend, he remained there most of the day; and most of the time, even, was occupied in pleasant confab with the bank detective. It was with the grace of a Chesterfield he parted from that functionary in the afternoon; assuring him that he would fine his friend a box of Havanas as a penalty for his lack of good faith.

At the Metropolitan he found Wales enjoying himself over some wine with two ladies.

"Well; how is it Dud.?" enquired the anxious letter-thief, as soon as they were alone.

"Blawst the thing," exclaimed Dudley, testily, "I

cawnt tell whether it's paid or not. Several times the teller's window was so blocked up I couldn't see what checks or drafts were passed in. I certainly saw no messenger with the badge of the National Express Company."

"Let us give up the job, Dud," suggested the timorous Wales, "it's getting to be gosh darned risky."

"No, by Jupiter!" shouted the impetuous forger; "it's not every day a fellah can make such a stake as \$8,000; and I shawn't give it up without a good fight."

"Well, what can we do?" demanded the disconcerted Wales.

"I don't know what you mean to do," answered Dudley; "but for my part I'll go back to Troy and face the music."

About midnight they arrived at Troy, and at once proceeded to a hotel.

The following morning, to the great horror of Wales, Dudley insisted that the latter must go down to the express office, and on some pretext of business endeavor to divine if there was anything unusual in the wind. With some trepidation the thief undertook the errand, and seeing no one around but the trustful-looking agent, inquired about a pair of boots that were to have been forwarded from New York to himself—to wit, Mr. Jeremiah Bardon. No package of the sort being discovered, Mr. Bardon launched an indignant expletive at the head of the supposed bootmaker, and then went his way to report to Dudley.

On learning that the coast was entirely clear at the express office, Dudley himself now went there, and boldly inquired if the proceeds of his draft had come on.

"Yes, sir," answered the civil express agent, "the amount is here, but you understand that I cannot deliver it except on identification."

"Why," observed Dudley, "I was indented here on draft the morning before yesterday."

"I have not forgotten you at all, Mr. Gray," said the agent, "and I am really sorry to delay your money, but my instructions from the central office refer explicitly to this draft, no doubt because the amount is unusually large."

"Oh, that's all right, my dear fellah," said Dudley, with lofty gaiety; "if you are acting under instructions I would not, for the world, have you deviate from them. Shall drop in here in an hour or so with some friend who will satisfy you; there are several in the neighborhood who will gladly oblige me."

The supposed Mr. Gray then quitted the premises.

It must here be explained that the office in which the forger had been pretending to do a large business in railroad iron, was situated on the second floor of a building owned by an insurance agent named Walton. This old gentlemen, with his son, had their office on the first floor, and if not very active as insurance agents, they were certainly responsible citizens—the estimate in Troy business circles being that their word was as good as their bond.

In his own high-toned, insinuating way, Dudley had become quite friendly with these gentlemen, and several times had discussed with them his intention to take out a ten-thousand-dollar life policy. As the commissions derivable from such a transaction would make quite a respectable addition to the agent's income, Mr. Walton was courtesy itself whenever Mr. Gray called in to his office. The preference given to an agent in procuring through him a policy of such magnitude, Dudley knew well to be a kind of obligation conferred. That he might at some-time require a favour from this person was the motive which inspired every step of his late intercourse with him. The forger's custom, indeed, was to make friends in all directions, though the warmth of his regard for them depended entirely on whether he could use them.

And the time had now come to make use of the insurance agent.

After leaving the express office, as related, Dudley called in on the friendly Mr. Walton, whom he greeted this time with effusive warmth.

"I find I have a spare hour this morning, Mr. Walton," he said to the agent, "so I guess you can as well draw up for me the application for that policy."

"Ah! certainly; thank you, Mr. Gray; take a chair, sir; I'll attend to it at once for you," saying which the gratified agent rubbed his hands pleasantly together, and brought up the necessary blank on which such applications are drafted.

Now, Dudley was what an insurance man would call "an excellent risk," and he quite delighted the agent by the satisfactory replies which he gave to the interrogatories in such cases made and provided.

"Capital life!—first-class risk!"—muttered to himself the agent, as he wrote the last entry on the record.

"Well, Mr. Walton, I can as well give you now my check for the first year's premium," next advanced Dudley, "and if the company declines the application you will, of course, refund."

This feature of the transaction was also eminently satisfactory, and Mr. Walton was the recipient of Dudley's worthless check on a Troy bank.

"Oh! by the way," next exclaimed the forger, "Walton, I have the proceeds of a draft lying in the express office beyond; would you mind stepping over that way to indentify me?"

What could a poor insurance agent do? How could he refuse a business civility to the customer who was after placing in his way the handsomest commission of the season?

"Certainly, certainly, my dear sir, I'll do it most cheerfully," answered Mr. Walton, who was pleased indeed to have so good a risk to report to Hartford.

The obliging agent at once accompanied the forger to the express office, where Dudley had no further difficulty

about obtaining and pocketing the \$16,000. He now proceeded at once to where Wales was waiting for him, and together they walked down to Greenbush—a village on the east side of the Hudson, directly opposite Albany. Thence they took the cars for New York, which city they reached in perfect security.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LADY-LIKE MRS. PELHAM APPEARS IN PITTSBURG, AND FORMS A PLEASANT ACQUAINTANCE WITH MISS LIZZIE GREENLEAF, IN WHOM REPOSES A SECRET VERY MUCH DESIRED BY MR. FINKERTON.

ONCE more I must carry my readers westward over the noble mountains, vales and rivers of Pennsylvania, and out beyond the ridge of the northern Alleghanies.

In one of the principal thoroughfares of Pittsburg might be found in those days the establishment of Dunstable Bros., extensive dealers in what are called "ladies furnishing goods." The store was an elegant and spacious one, occupying the ground floors of two adjoining buildings, and comprising departments for wholesale as well as retail trade. Of the latter, Messrs. Dunstable had a goodly share, being usually well stocked with all the adjuncts of feminine attire, and employing quite a number of intelligent lady clerks, to exhibit and vend them to the fair dames of Pittsburg.

The great majority of their customers belonged, of course, to the gentler sex.

One afternoon in the early days of April, a lady stepped into the store of Messrs. Dunstable, who was before entirely unknown to any of their assistants. She had a

youthful and pleasing face, of singularly clear and fair complexion, and enhanced in its attractiveness by full, earnest, bluish-gray eyes. Her dress was rich, without being at all pretentious; its various constituents being presumptive rather of a quiet and perfect taste, than of a slavish devotion to prevailing fashions. Comporting well with the surroundings was her personal demeanor, which was at once both dignified and self-contained.

The fact that this lady was not a regular customer of the establishment was testified by the enquiring manner in which she glanced along the counters at either side, as if seeking the department which might contain a certain class of goods. Noticing this hesitation, a polite lady assistant came forward to enquire her pleasure, but she merely said:

"Many thanks; I believe I now see what I want."

She then walked forward to where a young clerk was waiting alone at one of the counters. The latter was a slender and graceful girl of about nineteen summers, of not very imposing stature, but having shapely, aquiline features, and large, expressive, black eyes. She was also gifted with those rarer charms of her sex, a luxurious growth of dark glossy hair, and a white hand of perfect proportions.

Surveying her with unobtrusive interest, the visitor requested this girl to show her some varieties of hose, the counter being devoted to fabrics of that class. On this being done, she spent a few moments in selecting what she wanted, which the assistant then proceeded to make up into a parcel. When the purchase was paid for, the customer seemed on the point of addressing some sort of inquiry to the young girl, but just at the moment two very demonstrative shoppers came over to the same counter, and she confined herself to a polite remark about the weather. With a pleasant "good afternoon," she then left the store.

The following day the same lady came into Dunstable's store, and passed without any indecision along to where stood the young girl who had previously waited on her. The latter recognized her customer, and gave her a modest greeting, which was courteously acknowledged. This time the lady wanted to buy a few collars, and as there are numerous varieties of this needful little article, some time was expended in discussing styles and textures. In the course of this important negotiation, she had several times looked intently, but not rudely, into the shop girl's face, and at last put the question, apparently with deep interest:

"May I ask have you any relatives in Chicago?"

"No, madame; not any that I know of," was the placid reply.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the customer, "is it really possible? I can scarcely believe that you are not related to one of my young friends in that city. I never in all my life saw so striking a resemblance!"

The young girl smiled and blushed, as her face became the object of a fresh scrutiny, and then she ventured the inquiry:

"What is the young lady's name, please?"

"She is a Miss Nellie Forsyth," replied the customer; "and even as you ask the question, her voice seems to vibrate in my ears, it is so like."

"I never even heard the name. I wish I did have a relative with such a pretty name!" naively observed the shop girl.

"Can—it—be—possible?" murmured the lady, in a meditative way; "well, well; how strangely these personal resemblances do run!"

The purchase of the collars had now been completed, and the lady seemed on the point of starting, when both together observed that it was raining.

It was therefore with unaffected feminine alarm that Dunstable's young assistant exclaimed to her customer:

"Oh! see how it rains, madame! your pretty cloak will be spoiled."

But the lady thus addressed had no idea whatever of permitting her dainty embroidered mantle to be ruined by the inky shower. Taking in the situation at once, she simply demanded if umbrellas were among the articles sold by Messrs. Dunstable?

Several of these useful but inconstant servitors were immediately placed upon the counter, and after due inspection the lady approved and purchased a cheap one, observing, in regard to her choice, that she had an excellent umbrella at her hotel, and this one must suffice for the emergency of the moment. Once more she now turned her attention to the "article of stockings," and remarked, while selecting a further supply, that Pittsburg was a nasty place, where one required more clean changes than anywhere she had ever been."

"Yes, *indeed*, it is," responded the shop girl; and then she added, with charming candor: "I knew you were a stranger here, madame, you are so very white!"

The lady smiled in affirmation, and again referred to the wonderful likeness of the speaker to her young Chicago friend, Nellie Forsyth.

"It seems to me as if I had known you ever so long," she said, warmly; "I cannot even yet realize that you are a stranger?"

"Do you mean to stay long in Pittsburg?" timidly ventured the assistant.

"That depends on circumstances. I have been told that your smoky old city is an excellent place for business, and if I can find a good location for mine, I may stay here altogether."

"For some kinds of business it is certainly good," remarked the girl; "but others again don't seem to thrive particularly much."

"Well," said the stranger, pleasantly, "my idea was to open in the fancy goods and furnishing line, but, of course,

not on such a scale as this concern—rather in a small, nice store, or even in parlors, Which do you consider the best neighbourhood for such a business ? ”

“ I should judge that you might do very well,” answered the girl, either on Market street or Fifth avenue ; but you would find it difficult to get good clerks ; and one, at least, you would require, who was well acquainted with the locality, to regulate your stock and purchases.”

“ And, by the way,” she added, after a pause, “ you should know that ours is also a wholesale house, and can make you as good terms as any in the trade.”

“ Thank you, I shall not forget that ; and meanwhile I shall certainly buy of you all that I may need for my own use.”

At this the zealous young clerk looked pleased, and said : “ I am sure it will give me much pleasure to wait on you when you are buying ; and—and I hope if you do not see me in the store you will ask for me.”

Hereupon she took out a neat little card-case, and handed the customer her card. The latter accepted it very graciously, and quickly glanced down to read the name which was engraved on it—

MISS LIZZIE GREENLEAF.

The conversation was then prolonged for a few minutes, during which the lady stated that her own name was Mrs. Cornelia Pelham, and that she was temporarily staying at the Diamond Hotel.

“ I believe I must make a change soon,” she added, “ for it is quite an expensive house, and I may be a long time before I find the right location for my business. Do you know of any good hotel that is really comfortable, and likely to be more moderate ? I should rely very much on your judgment in the matter.”

Miss Greenleaf shook her head.

“ I know scarcely anything about the prices,” she said ;

"but I think you might find the Central a comfortable house; or the Alleghany City, if you didn't mind crossing the river a little."

"No; but there is no hurry whatever," said the lady; "I shall probably inquire about those you have mentioned; and I *do* hope, Miss Greenleaf, that when I am settled down you will come to see me?"

The kindly invitation was acknowledged in a suitable manner, and the rain having considerably abated, the lady soon took her departure.

In her apartment at the Diamond Hotel, Mrs. Pelham was shortly very busy writing for my Agency an accurate report of her interview with Lizzie Greenleaf, and the prospects of its leading to a serviceable intimacy.

Immediately on learning of Wales' confession, I had urged on Mr. Bangs the necessity of "shadowing" Dudley's sister-in-law, whose correspondence with his wife seemed the only chain that bound that couple with the outer world. Wherever their retreat might be, Miss Greenleaf would surely know it; and until we had in some way wormed out this secret, she must become for us an object of special solicitude. But as it was quite unlikely that the young lady's correspondence would be made known to an ordinary detective, it was decided to bring in contact with her a person of her own sex; one who might from ordinary business acquaintance push on into the intimacy of friendship, and ultimately into such close confidence as might enable her to obtain the coveted address.

For this delicate mission I had designed Mrs. Pelham, a New York lady of high culture and respectability, who had before rendered signal services to justice in operations on which I had employed her.

CHAPTER XXVI

A LONG AND DISCOURAGING SEARCH FOR THE FORGER, DUDLEY.

WHILE thus groping for light in the murky atmosphere of Pittsburg, the Agency had by no means been idle in other directions. The very evening when he had received Wales's confession, Mr. Bangs dispatched Officer Thomas to Monroe, Michigan, where Dudley told Wales he was going to settle down.

At Monroe the detective's first step was to make a quiet search in the two or three modest hotels which the place contained. Not the smallest clue to the whereabouts of Dudley and wife was found at either of them; and no one about the depot, livery stables, express offices, or resorts of travelers, had noticed the arrival of any such party. For a town of its limited extent, where every intelligent citizen seemed to know everybody else, this might have been considered sufficient. But Thomas also spent a couple of toilsome days inquiring along the streets, and almost from house to house, for the married couple recently arrived, whose baggage included a white-wood hat-box, and a brass canary cage. Nor did he even neglect the older quarters of the town, where the high-peaked gables and iron shutters of the dwellings gave token of their French construction. Nobody had seen the Dudleys though—nobody had heard of them—and not even a single canary cage, hanging by a window, relieved the barren monotony of the search.

At Monroe, the disappointed officer received the order from his superintendent to lose not a moment's time, but continue the pursuit in Detroit and Kalamazoo, both in the same State. To the former beautiful city Thomas at once repaired, and for three whole days made diligent search and enquiry at its various hotels, depots, ferries,

and express offices. But there was no sign whatever of Dudley and his wife; and not a glimpse was vouchsafed to the detective, nor a tradition reached him, of their yellow metallic cage. No better fortune attended him at Kalamazoo, from which point he telegraphed to Mr. Linden, that unless a fresh trail were struck, the search must be carried on under terrible disadvantages.

Nothing was left him but implicit obedience, when he received from Mr. Linden instructions to return at once to Detroit, and take up the chase after the forger along the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, visiting on his route such places as Port Huron, Sarnia, Stratford, Brampton, Guelph, Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Kingston, Ottawa, Prescott and Montreal. His inquiries after Dudley and wife were to be of the most thorough kind, and to extend themselves down to conductors, hotel-porters, and news agents, at all the points named. The detective was to push on quickly; make a daily report by telegraph, and look out for despatches at every point named, besides calling for letters at the post-office in Toronto.

In compliance with his instructions, Mr. Thomas took the first train for Detroit, but found no opportunity of proceeding further until seven o'clock of the following morning. He then took the cars for Port Huron, and after a diligent inquisition in that place crossed the river St. Clair to Sarnia, where for the first time, our operations extended outside the boundaries of the country.

Nothing whatever came of the detective's efforts at the two places named, and it was half-past ten o'clock at night when he arrived, quite weary, at the depot of Stratford, a pretty Canadian town, which is named after Shakespeare's birth-place, and like it, is situated on a gentle river Avon.

In the morning early Thomas was a-foot, but his researches in Stratford, having no better result than elsewhere, he left at nine o'clock, and stopping at Guelph on the way, succeeded by the early afternoon in reaching

Brampton, a cozy little village about twenty miles west of Toronto.

In his usual call at the telegraph office here, Mr. Thomas received no despatches, but later in the day he had the happy thought to send back to Stratford the inquiry whether any had arrived since morning. Such proved to be the case, and he had the telegram repeated on to Brampton, where it was delivered to him as follows:

"Go to Albany, New York, at once, and telegraph on your arrival.

R. J. LINDEN."

As soon as he could get another train, the detective started for Toronto, which he only reached at eleven o'clock at night, and was compelled to remain over till morning. Crossing next day from Toronto into the United States, Thomas took train at Suspension Bridge, and was soon dashing along on the New York Central towards the legislative capital of the Empire State. He was not destined, however, to any long detention at Albany, for about noon he heard a conductor pass through the cars inquiring if Mr. J. R. Thomas was aboard.

"That's my name," said the detective, looking up from his newspaper.

Hereupon the conductor handed him a telegram on which was written:

"Find J. R. Thomas on train, and instruct him to go through to Boston to-night."

This the detective did, and arrived in Boston about two o'clock in the afternoon of the following day. At the office of the Adams' Express Company he found a letter from Mr. Linden, with full explanation of the move, and a programme of fresh work.

It had been ascertained from Pittsburg, wrote Mr. Linden, that Dudley was assuredly in Boston, and had been there since April 1st—it was now the 18th—being

on that date in some one of the hotels. Thomas was now required to visit every hotel in the modern Athens, examine all the registers for Dudley's handwriting, and, by enquiries from porters and others, endeavor to trace the forger and his wife by their peculiar baggage.

That my readers may be enlightened as to how the Agency became possessed of this information, they must turn with me once more to Pittsburg, and to the detectives, male and female, who were working for us at that point.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SURVEILLANCE, AND THE REASONS THEREFOR—
TOUCHING FORBIDDEN GROUND—AN AGREEABLE INTERCHANGE
OF GOSSIP RESULTING IN MRS. PELHAM SECURING SOME VALUABLE
INFORMATION.

AS might readily be supposed, the course of Mrs. Pelham's intimacy with Lizzie Greenleaf was quite at the mercy of circumstances, and mainly, indeed, of that very changeable commodity, known as "woman's fancy."

In less than ten days from her arrival in Pittsburg Mrs. Pelham had been informed, outside her own observation, that Miss Lizzie Greenleaf was really a modest and circumspect little lady; that she saw scarcely any society made no visits herself, and had no other visitors than those of her uncle; that the friends of the latter were among the most refined people in Pittsburg; and that there were no boarders in his house, and no chance for a lady to obtain board thereat. She had also learned that Lizzie attended a Methodist church near her residence; that she had personally mailed no letters within those ten days; and that she was very fond of reading, and

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avored certain books and periodicals—this last being a street-car observation.

But Delaney was now instructed to go a step further. The faithful little clerk was so punctual and attentive to her business, that he might safely spend elsewhere the hours between her morning arrival and the time for her noonday mail. Among many other duties Mr. Bangs prescribed for him during these intervals, was to examine the delivery books at the express offices. Scarcely had he begun this task, when he discovered that on the third of April, Miss Greenleaf had received through the Adams' Express a Boston parcel, on which she had to pay the transportation charge. The date and way-bill number of this parcel were at once telegraphed to the Agency, and Mr. Bangs telegraphed to Boston to see if the Express Company could learn the name of the sender. The reply was unsatisfactory; the only thing that was learned being, that the parcel was handed in at the Boston office by some unknown and forgotten person.

Meanwhile the diplomacy of Mrs. Pelham was tending to more positive results. After the interview with Miss Greenleaf, in which she obtained her card, she did not consider it politic to call very soon. A couple of days were now usefully spent in examining vacant stores, so as to be furnished with material for future conferences. The project of starting a place of business was not altogether a fictitious one; even its continuance for some months was within the range of our calculations. It was simply one of several such plans which Mr. Bangs had outlined, to be chosen from and acted on, as events might render necessary. Should our researches in all other directions continue to prove abortive, the sister-in-law of the forger would at last become our sheet anchor. No ordinary outlay of time and ingenuity should be spared to make her a safe and strong one.

The second afternoon from the interview already detailed, Mrs. Pelham called in at Dunstable's to "prospect"

in some black silks. When she entered the store Miss Greenleaf was quite busy, but she soon made an opportunity to come over to her new customer; apologizing, as she came, for having kept her so long waiting.

"Come into the store any time you are passing," she said: "I am sure I shall be very glad to see you."

But two more days were permitted to elapse before Mrs. Pelham again called. It was now Saturday afternoon, and in those very quiet hours which, from time immemorial, the ladies have consecrated to shopping; that is, not at the mere behests of so many vulgar necessities, but for the agonizing pleasure of being tempted by costly luxuries.

Miss Greenleaf seemed much pleased at her visit, and exclaimed quite gaily:

"I was just thinking of you, Mrs. Pelham, and as you didn't call these two days, I was wondering if you hadn't got tired of smoky Pittsburg."

"Oh! no—not quite—but it really is a dirty place; I declare to you I am kept quite busy washing my hands, and changing collars and cuffs, and yet I never seem to feel quite right."

Miss Greenleaf laughed.

"I have a sister," she observed, "who complains of it just like you; and I was often indignant at it until I went to New York to see her; but indeed I found everything there so clean that I didn't wonder any more."

"You have travelled a little, then?" suggested Mrs. Pelham, inquiringly.

"Very little, indeed," was the somewhat regretful answer; "it was quite an uncommon treat to me to get that week last winter which I spent with sister at her boarding house in New York. That city is so—oh! by the way, did you see the nice little store which is just finishing on Penn street?"

The interruption to these personalities, so quickly sprung, immediately struck Mrs. Pelham as a clever after-

thought, as if Lizzie had remembered herself as touching on forbidden ground. The lady made no signs of having noticed it.

"Yes, I was in it," she quietly answered; "but the gentleman informs me that it is already rented. However, I don't think I need hurry myself,—I seem to be rather late for the spring trade, and my time will not be entirely lost, since I am making many useful acquaintances."

"Have you changed your boarding place yet?"

"Not yet; I find the Central is awfully dear,—four and a half to five dollars a day. I am beginning to think a nice boarding-house will suit me best."

This was dropped out in the hope that Lizzie might name one, or at least interest herself in the selection. But she made no comment whatever, and Mrs. Pelham now fell back on the actual business of purchasing her dress goods, and only ventured to say, before leaving:

"Do come and have dinner with me to-morrow. Miss Greenleaf; I shall begin to feel like a hermit for want of some friendly face to look at across the table."

"Oh! I am really sorry," answered the good-natured girl; "I had already engaged to dine at my sister's in Alleghany City; she is quite sick at present, and her husband, Dr. Marsh, insisted on my coming."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Pelham, resignedly, "I am doomed to a lonely Sunday, I see; but I shall reckon on your company at another time, mind."

With a pleasant "good-bye," she then left the store.

Sunday was really a dull day for Mrs. Pelham, and in the afternoon she took refuge in her room, and in the companionship of an interesting book. About three o'clock she was disturbed by a knock at the door, on opening which she found Miss Greenleaf, radiant as a little spring blossom, and laughing with girlish glee at the notion of having surprised her.

"So I have come to see you, after all," she exclaimed, as Mrs. Pelham seized her hands and saluted her warmly.

"Oh! you are most welcome," said the latter; "it is so kind of you to come to visit a poor lonely woman, and I have been feeling very badly all day, too. Sit down, sit down, my dear, and let me take off your things."

The visitor had dined, of course, being just on her return from Alleghany City; but she could not refuse the ever-timely tea, which is as much a woman's festal draught as it is her daily solace.

"How do you like Pittsburgh by this time?" inquired Miss Greenleaf, at one point; "for *my* part I am tired to death of it,—it is *so* slow to be always living in one place."

"I begin to like it very well now," said Mrs. Pelham, "but of course I am still feeling lonesome, and *shall* do so, I presume, until I have my hands full of business."

"Wouldn't it be nice if you had some relative with you?—is your mother alive?"

"No; she has been dead many years. The only near lady relative I have, is one married sister. You have sisters too, have you not?"

"Yes, three of them," answered Lizzie; "we are four in all; Mrs. Marsh, the doctor's wife, who is the eldest; Mrs. Savis, who lives here in Pittsburg; and sister Etta, who is next to me, and almost my very picture."

"Three of you are neighbors then, and one an absentee?" observed the hostess with placid interest.

"Yes; Etta is travelling most of the time."

"Her husband is a traveller, I suppose?"

"He is, and she goes *every*-where with him."

"How very, *very* pleasant that must be for her; there are so many brutes of travelling men who never once think to take their wives along!"

"Oh! sister wouldn't stay at home, bless you—she wouldn't let him go without her!"

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Pelham, laughing; "well, if she be as good as you are, I know she cannot be jealous of him;—but he must have a very good salary to take her with him all the time?—or, does he travel for himself?"

Lizzie seemed to hesitate for an answer, but it came forth quite tranquilly as she laid down her teacup:

"Not for himself—he is 'drumming' for some house in New York."

"And does your sister never pass a season in Pittsburgh with you?"

"No; she got married some time after mamma's death,—which happened nearly four years ago,—and she has never once been back since,"

A digression here followed on the old theme of family resemblances, in the course of which Mrs. Pelham learned that Mrs. Savis was fair and blue-eyed, and the other three sisters—including her informant—were dark and very much alike; the resemblance between herself and Etta, being eminently striking.

"Where is Etta now?" said Mrs. Pelham with an air of supreme unconcern, although a correct answer to the question would have gratified many aspirations.

"I—don't—know; I wish I could hear from her," responded Lizzie, slowly, but without apparent candor; "she keeps moving about so much that our correspondence has become quite irregular; though, indeed, I am always anxious to hear from her."

"How provoking not to hear from one's friends a long time like that!" threw out Mrs. Pelham.

"Oh! it's not so very long—only a few days ago—and I got a parcel from her as well. She was then in Boston; and said they were going to keep house and stay all summer—but I mean they are such vagrants I shall not know for sure, till I get another letter or parcel."

The reader may have noticed that during the entire evening Miss Lizzie had never named her absent sister as Mrs. Dudley, nor, indeed, used the name at all; and that Mrs. Pelham had as wisely refrained from asking her for the marriage name of Etta. The conviction of this lady was not less strong that Etta and the forger's wife were one, and as soon as she could reach the telegraph office,

she communicated to Mr. Linden, the result of her evening's progress.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"TAKING RECKONINGS."—A LITTLE RUSE AND ITS LAMENTABLE FAILURE.—THE INTIMACY BETWEEN MRS. PELHAM AND LIZZIE GREENLEAF IS INCREASED.

WE leave Mr. Thomas for a while to grapple with these conundrums, and return once more to our Superintendent in Philadelphia. The first and most obvious need of Mr. Linden was to know if this intelligence were really correct;—*had Lizzie Greenleaf spoken the truth?* Little as it was to know, and know only, that Dudley was in Boston, it was of paramount importance to verify even that. To obtain this verification, and to ascertain, if possible, the forger's full address, was the design of a little plot which was now contrived in the Quaker City.

From the time of his detention at the Agency, Wales had been permitted a free intercourse by letter, with his brother at Redrock, and with Carrie Levison. His communications were always dated as from the "American Hotel, Philadelphia;" and the answers coming for him were procured by my officers at an establishment so named. The entire correspondence, of course, had to pass through Mr. Linden's hands; who assured himself that his prisoner did not disclose his actual situation, and thereby give the signal for Dudley to escape. But knowing very well that such a proceeding would at once put an end to his correspondence, Wales made no attempt to abuse his privilege.

It was now suggested to the captive that he write a

confidential letter to Lizzie, so as to obtain from her, as his friend, Dudley's exact address. As she well knew of their confederacy, and as we now learned, even of its criminal character, it seemed quite improbable that she would refuse to Wales what she was careful to withhold from a stranger like Mrs. Pelham. To account for his being in Philadelphia, and for his anxiety to obtain the address, the captive was permitted to use his own invention. Thereupon he wrote the following letter, which Mr. Linden approved and despatched to Pittsburgh :

FRIEND LIZZIE :

No doubt you will be surprised at getting a letter from me after so long an absence ; still, I have not forgotten you as a friend, and, more than that, as a secret friend. I am now about to ask you a favor that will never be forgotten either by me or Dudley. He and I did a job at Troy, New York, last February, and they have finally got me, but will let me go if I settle up with one of the parties,—but I lack five hundred dollars of it. Now, if I can get a letter to Dudley without any one knowing his whereabouts, he can and will most willingly send me the money. At present I do not know where he is, and he does not know of my whereabouts.

This present letter I had a friend mail without anyone knowing it ; and you can safely address me as Harry Norman, Continental Hotel, giving me Dudley's address, which is the *favour* I earnestly beg of you.

Yours truly,

W. R. Wales (or Harry).

The reply to this letter was eagerly awaited at Philadelphia, where everything was hoped from it. In about three days it reached the Superintendent's hands to the following effect :

DEAR HARRY :

I received your letter, and am very sorry I cannot do the favour you ask of me as I am as ignorant of the whereabouts of those you inquired about as yourself. I have not had a letter from them since before Christmas, and have not the slightest idea where they are.—I am sorry to hear of your misfortune, and hope you will find some other plan of escape, as it would not be safe to depend upon hearing anything, for I may not hear from them in a long time. I at once destroyed your letter as I did not like keeping it in my possession ; some one might read it. I am sorry that my reply will not be very interesting or encouraging to you at the present time.

You have my best wishes for your future welfare, and I hope you will be safe by the time I hear from you again.

I remain your friend,

LIZZIE.

From the Sunday of Miss Greenleaf's visit to her room at the Diamond, the calls of Mrs. Pelham at Dunstable's store continued with sufficient regularity. During one which she made in the ensuing week, the statement that Etta and her husband were living in Boston was again made by Lizzie, and this time under such circumstances as permitted no reasonable doubt of its correctness.

This particular morning Mrs. Pelham had first asked to see some cloth, of a kind which she knew was not kept at Dunstable's. She then inquired for certain trimmings, and while occupied in their examination, maintained a lively conversation about the weather, the fashions, and other staples of feminine interest. The first attempt to give it a personal bearing was an inquiry by the lady after the health of Lizzie's sister in Alleghany City, Mrs. Dr. Marsh.

"Thank you, she is feeling much better this week," re-

plied Lizzie, "and we expect she will be able to move in-
to the country in a few days."

After this there was an interval of awkward constraint,
which Mrs. Pelham dare not break by a venture of the
same kind.

Almost in despair, and on the point of leaving the store,
she now happily bethought her that she wanted to buy a
parasol. A fresh invoice of these articles had just come
to hand, and some minutes were now spent in discussing
the new styles. While the pair were thus engaged, Lizzie
chanced to mention that she had lost her own parasol on
the Sunday previous.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Pelham, "where did you
lose it, dear?"

"I am not very sure," answered the girl, "but I think
I must have dropped it, either while getting into, or out
of, the carriage in which we went riding. I certainly had
it when we came down stairs from your room."

Mrs. Pelham at once took the blame of this loss to her-
self, and urged, that as she had insisted on her taking the
carriage ride, she must be permitted to replace the article
lost on the occasion. Lizzie protested somewhat, but
finally accepted, and with manifest pleasure, the hand-
some parasol which the lady selected for her.

An animated gossip was thus again brought about, and
presuming the field to be clear, Mrs. Pelham hazarded a
question:

"Have you heard from your other sister yet—the one
from whom you were expecting a letter?"

She had not looked up at Lizlie while speaking, but
she at once noticed the unreadiness or hesitation of the
girl in furnishing the answer. Without waiting for it at
all, she dashed on again, just as if it was of no earthly
consequence, as if the question was merely the prelude to
her own communication.

"I had a letter from *my* sister this morning," she con-
tinued, "and she implores me not to get so deeply en-

gaged in business that I cannot go East with her this summer. She is going on a visit to Boston, and says that I must be ready to make a trip, and that—"

This time Mrs. Pelham was looking direct into the sweet face of the girl, and could trace the opening expression of interest that brightened by degrees into pleasurable sympathy, and almost into excitement.

"Why!" burst out Lizzie at this point, "I expect to go to Boston myself! I had a long letter yesterday from sister Etta, and she writes me that they are now settled down in Boston for the summer, and want me ever so bad to pay them a visit."

"Ah, indeed; that's nice,—and does sister like it?"

"She seems to like it much; she and her husband both write very pleasantly of it. I must certainly try and go there in the dull season."

Mrs. Pelham here became bold,—perilously bold.

"What part of Boston does your sister live in?—I mean in what street—do you know?"

"No,—they didn't mention it," answered Lizzie, looking calmly at the questioner out of her grand, dark eyes.

The eyes which they encountered, however, were quite as fathomless and as tranquil-looking as the girl's.

"Because," said Mrs. Pelham, continuing as if in explanation of her question, "I have been several times in Boston myself, and have quite a number of friends there; but I like Charlestown better to live in."

The disembarrassed gossip now again wandered to indifferent topics, until, discovering it was near dinner time, Mrs. Pelham left with a pleasantly renewed invitation from Lizzie not to spare her visits.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DETECTIVE THOMAS IN BOSTON.—PLENTY OF TRACES, BUT NO TANGIBLE DISCOVERIES.

ANIMATED and inspired by his chief at Philadelphia, Mr. Thomas had entered on the campaign in Boston.

It took the officer several days to examine the registers of all the known hotels; his attention being more specially directed to the dates succeeding that on which the forger had left New York. It is scarcely necessary to state that he found no entry of "R. L. Dudley and wife," nor of any other man and wife whose registration bore evidence of having been traced by the hand of Dudley.

The verbal inquiries which he made at the same time were for a young married couple—whom he would describe—who had arrived about four weeks previously, accompanied by such and such peculiar baggage,—which he would also describe. But all such inquisitions were equally fruitless. Neither landlords nor clerks, porters nor hackmen, expressmen nor omnibus drivers, had the smallest recollection of this couple, nor of the two trunks, nor the hat-box, nor the cage.

"The parties didn't stop here, sir:—we couldn't fail to have remarked such baggage," was the average reply of one class.

"Well, misther, it's not so aisy to keep thrack for a whole month; but if I handled such thraps as thim, I'd remimber thim till Tibbs' Eve," was the frequent rejoinder among the other.

Succeeding this unprofitable hotel search came a diligent tour of inquiry at the railroad depots, in which baggage-masters, clerks, "baggage-smashers," and others of that ilk were catechised by Thomas to the limits of their

curt endurance. Through the incivility and rudeness of some, and the stupidity of many, this was quite frequently a mortifying experience; but the detective had steeled himself alike against ignorance and insolence. In the further distance he saw only that hat-box, and that bird-cage,—with the forger near by,—and an avalanche of obstacles would not have swerved him from his course.

This dogged perseverance at last found some recompence. At the Old Colony depot he one day encountered a baggage-clerk who *did* remember some baggage of that kind.

"You do, eh?" persisted Thomas, again minutely describing the articles.

"Yes, sir; that's just the lot—two big trunks, hat-box, and bird-cage in a bag. They came from New York about four weeks ago on the morning express."

"Did you see the owners?—do you know where the things went?"

"No; I took no notice of the passengers, but I remember the baggage quite well. It lay in the shed there for three or four hours, and was then removed in some kind of conveyance, I don't know what, or where."

This was all that could be learned at this point, and now again came the tug of war for Thomas. Who took that baggage from the Old Colony depot?—and whither was it taken?

One morning, during the progress of this wearisome search—which had now begun to include even boarding-houses—the detective came across a little hostelry in South Boston, called the Warwick House. Somehow, he had not met its name in the directories, nor had he thus far chanced on it in his diurnal promenades. He at once entered to make his customary inspection of the register, and found under the date of March 1st, an entry of "Chas. B. Wood and wife," New York.

Thomas gazed long and meditatively at the entry. Not only was this a date on which Dudley was stated to be

in Boston, but there was a great resemblance in the handwriting to that of the many named forger. These facts at once seemed to warrant a closer investigation.

"What day did my friend, Mr. Wood, leave?" inquired Thomas, quite artlessly, of the young hotel-clerk—pointing him to the entry on the book.

"I can't say, sir," was the reply; "Mr. Fairbanks only became proprietor here on the fourth of the month, and the gentleman was not here then."

"Is the old porter around still?"

"No, sir, that's Patsey Clark,—he is now employed in the Eagle Livery Stables, which does the carriage service of the house."

With an impatient "Thank you" Mr. Thomas hastened out to the Eagle Livery Stables, not far from the hotel.

Patsey Clark was not in; but the stable foreman was enabled to tell from his book that on the 7th of March a couple were taken from the Warwick House to the Eastern Railroad depot. The hack-driver was next found, and remembered the lady and gentlemen, but couldn't describe them, and couldn't tell whether they had any baggage.

The persistent Thomas again went back to the Warwick House, and desired the clerk to tell him what gentleman had settled a bill for himself and lady on March 7th.

This time the clerk referred to his cash book. "I beg pardon, it's here, sir," he said, "Chas. B. Wood and wife; but I really don't remember them—they must have settled with the proprietor."

"Will you please ask Mr. Fairbanks to step this way?"

The proprietor soon came forth from a little parlor in rear of the hotel office.

"Do you remember this Mr. Wood and wife?" now inquired Thomas, after a courteous greeting of Mr. Fairbanks.

"Yes,—pretty well," returned mine host of the Warwick.

"Well, I am almost certain he is a particular friend of mine, but I have forgotten Charley's full initials, and I never yet chanced to see his signature. Will you please describe Mr. and Mrs. Wood to me.

The obliging landlord put his finger thoughtfully to his brow, and proceeded to sketch from memory the appearance of his two recent guests. To the great interior gratification of Thomas, his descriptions were an exact reproduction of those graven on his own mind for Dudley and wife.

"Oh! thank you; that's my friend Wood, sure enough," exclaimed Thomas. "Did the party have a bird cage with them?—Charley's wife is very fond of canaries, and always takes her favorite along."

"It must be the same couple, sir," said Mr. Fairbanks; "I remember a bird-cage and a little square box going out with their trunks."

At this voluntary mention of what he believed must be the hat-box, the detective was in secret transports.

"Did Woods say where he was going, Mr. Fairbanks?"

"No, not to me, sir,—although I have an idea there was some mention of Portland, Maine. They went East, anyhow;—stay a moment—now I remember that Mr. Wood called in here a couple of weeks after; we merely saluted, however, for he only went to the bar and hurried out again."

"Greatly obliged, Mr. Fairbanks; good day, sir."

Thomas now hastened citywards to the telegraph office.

In forty-eight hours from the receipt of the despatch the detective had visited Portland, Maine, and scoured it from end to end without the least encouraging result. He next returned along the line,—on a Saturday morning it was,—and made a brief stop at Beverley. Thence he crossed over to Salem, where traces were soon found which justified the belief that we had at last run Dudley to earth.

What these traces were we shall next see.

CHAPTER XXX.

SHARP SKIRMISHING BY OPERATIVE THOMAS, WITH LANDLORD, COACH-MEN AND CHAMBERMAIDS.—HE AT LAST DISCOVERS A MR. AND MRS. GOODHUE AND A LONG-BOUGHT CANARY BIRD.

THE first proceeding of the detective at Salem was to interrogate the baggage-master, who proved to be a dull-witted and unaccommodating official. He knew nothing, recalled nothing, and apparently understood nothing.

Turning impatiently from him, Mr. Thomas next went to the Essex House, then the principal hotel in the ancient city. On the register there, he found under date of March 7th—that on which wood left Boston—an entry of "H. Carter and wife, Room No. 6."

To the other hotels in Salem the detective then betook himself, but at none of them found a trace of the object of his search. Some hours were consumed in traversing the long, elm-lined streets of the old peninsula; and as one of the hotels,—styled the Juniper House,—was at a distance of two miles from the depot, the night had fallen heavily over Salem, ere his duty was completed.

But in all this time Mr. Thomas was thinking more or less of his experience at the Essex House, and the thought grew gradually into conviction, that the landlord of the hotel had something to conceal from him; and that his hasty whisper to the clerk was a caution to the same effect. There could be no doubt, he concluded, that even the porters would have been admonished by this time; but he determined, notwithstanding, to return to the Essex, and there sojourn until the mystery was cleared up.

As Mr. Thomas re-entered the hotel, he perceived in the rear of the hall the porter seated on his bench. With a new inspiration the detective immediately resolved on

a bolder strategy. Without pausing at the office, he advanced quickly toward where the man sat, and promptly inquired of him :

"Do you remember that lady and gentleman with the bird-cage, who came here about four weeks ago?"

The porter stammered, and then mumbled out a reluctant "yes;" and then he added by way of qualification:

"But I don't remember what they looked like, sir; I only remember carrying the cage to No. 6."

Thomas had gained a point. There really was a cage, then.

Thomas now stepped quickly out of doors, and in front of the adjoining stables found the driver of the hotel coach.

"Do you remember," he said to him, "the lady and gentleman with the bird-cage whom you took to the Essex a few weeks ago?"

"I kinder recollects the cage," answered the driver, "an' thet's about all I kin do. But neow theer's Hosee, the kerridge driver,—he might tell you jest what you want; he does a well-nigh all the kerridge work."

As he spoke he pointed to a hackman whose vehicle stood at the neighboring corner, and who himself appeared a monopolist of his trade in Salem.

Thomas approached the man at once, but altered his question to meet the altered circumstances.

"Where did you drive that party with the bird-cage to?"

"What party?" returned Jehu, with characteristic gruffness.

"Why, that gentleman and lady that you took from the Essex House about four weeks ago."

"You mean the pair that hed two big trunks, band-box, two or three satchels, bird-cage, and a tarnation pile o' sich stuff?"

"Yes, that's the party ;—where did you take them?"

"Wall, les see, I guess I took 'em to Mrs. Doyle's board-in'-house. Tall man, tall woman, wa'n't they?"

"Yes."

"They went down to Boston a few days ago, but didn't take no trunks along,"—now volunteered the hackman.

"Where is Mrs. Doyle's?" inquired Thomas.

"Thirty-three Summer street," rejoined the man promptly, "air the folks friends o' yourn?"

"They are," said Thomas, "very old friends; thank you."

Putting a dollar bill into the hackman's willing fingers, the officer turned back in the direction of the hotel.

Bright and early on Monday he was at No. 33 Summer Street, inquiring of Mrs. Doyle with engaging simplicity for "that gentleman and wife, Mr.—Mr.—hem,—the couple that came to board with her about four weeks ago; Mr.—how *was* it that the name escaped him so?"

"Oh, you mean Mr. Goodhue, sir?"

"Yes, thank you; I believe that's the name,—what kind of looking man was he?"

"He was a tall man, sir,—a little taller than you, dark complexion—very nice people both."

"Did they bring their baggage here, Mrs. Doyle?"

"They did, sir, but they only stayed a short while—they were out most of the time looking for a house and furnishing it."

"Yes, it must be the same," said the detective, approvingly; "if they be the persons I expect, Mrs. Doyle, they are dear old friends of mine, and will be greatly pleased as well as surprised to see me. Where did they take up house, please?"

"Well, I believe they are living at No. 396 Essex street," answered the obliging lady.

"Thank you:—they'll be so glad to see me!—good morning, Mrs. Doyle," said Thomas, and then hastened toward Essex street, feeling as he went along as if the arrest warrant for Dudley was safe in his pocket, and his man as good as already captured.

In Essex street, at the number indicated, a tidy-looking housemaid had just begun opening the parlour lattice blinds. Without ascending the stoop, the detective addressed her:—

"Is Mr. Goodhue within, please?"

"No, sir," replied the girl, "he is out of town, and we don't expect him home before Wednesday."

"So long as that!" exclaimed the crestfallen Thomas, as if he were impatient to greet the absent Goodhue,—which in good truth he was.

"I think so," explained the housemaid, civilly, "for Mrs. Goodhue is sick abed, but I wrote him this morning that she was much better, and that he need not hurry home."

"Is it a friend?" she inquired of Thomas, as she proceeded to unfasten the blind of the other window.

"Yes, thank you; but I'll call another day—good-morning."

CHAPTER XXXI.

DETECTIVE THOMAS IS PROVIDED WITH AN ASSISTANT—DISCOMFITURE,
DELAYS AND FRESH DISAPPOINTMENTS.

IT seemed to Detective Thomas almost a heresy to doubt that Messrs Wood, of the Warwick House; Carter, of the Essex; and Goodhue who made his home in Salem, were but a single individual, and that individual the fugitive Dudley.

When the encouraging news from Salem reached Philadelphia, Loomis had just arrived in that city, bearing with him a warrant for the arrest of Dudley and wife, obtained in Pittsburg by the Agent of Adams' Express. When he reported at the Agency, Mr. Linden apprised him of the new aspect of affairs, and requested him to go

AS SHE PROCEEDED TO UNFASTEN THE BLIND OF THE OTHER WINDOW.



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right through to Salem to identify the forger in the person of Goodhue.

Having arranged to be absent from his own business for a vacation, the insurance agent consented to adopt any requisite course. Mr. Thomas was now advised by telegraph, of the ally that was coming to his assistance, and instructed to provide Loomis with an opportunity to identify Goodhue as soon as possible after the return of the latter. While arranging for this encounter, the Pittsburger was to remain carefully in the background, or else reasonably disguised, so that Dudley should not recognize him, and take flight before the officer was on hand to capture him.

In the forenoon of the day that was to bring back to Salem the owner of the canary-bird, Loomis arrived there, and joined Mr. Thomas at his hotel, as he had formerly done in Yarmouth. As pre-arranged by the careful Superintendent, they did not recognize each other until they were out of doors, and free from observation. All that morning the detective had been watching No. 396 Essex street, but saw no sign of the return of its tenant, nor any indication that there was a man on the premises. Expectation having been pitched high, the circumstance occasioned a corresponding uneasiness. Did Goodhue—that is, Dudley—mean to return at all?—had anybody given the alarm since Monday?—or, was that surly, ungracious landlord of the Essex in his counsels, and had he telegraphed him a warning that pursuers were on hand? Such were the doubts that had agitated Mr. Thomas.

The officer and Mr. Loomis together now continued till nightfall watching the incoming trains; but none of them brought to Salem the person of the forger. After dark, they ventured out to Essex street to take a survey of the house, but to all appearance, it had no other occupants than the servant and her sick mistress. Plainly enough, then Mr. Goodhue had not yet returned, and the

patience of Thomas must be strained through another night.

In the morning, after an early breakfast, the two again proceeded to Essex Street, and called in at a grocery store nearly opposite Goodhue's house, with the object of discovering if that person were returned home. To gain a little time for their survey Thomas bought cigars, and the two continued smoking in the store, and chatting with the grocer and his clerk.

While they were thus engaged the door of 396 opened, and a gentleman in slippers came out, and crossed over the street in the direction of the grocery. He carried a little wicker basket in his hand, and had evidently—like a kind domesticated citizen,—come forth for some necessities for the morning meal of his household. As he passed in, unheeding, by the two smokers, and stepped up to the counter, the grocer saluted him as an esteemed customer.

"Good morning, Mr. Goodhue!—I see you're got back to town; what can I do for you this morning, sir?"

Thomas looked towards Loomis in grim anticipation. Loomis walked round and about, and peered from every point on the face of the Salemite. Quite unconcernedly that gentleman bought his fresh eggs, and rolls, and other breakfast ingredients; and then, resuming his little basket, went back to the house. Loomis was shaking his head negatively.

"Is that the Mr. Goodhue who took a house round here a few weeks ago?" inquired Thomas of the grocer.

"That's the gentleman, sir; he bought that house over the way, No. 396;—there where you see the canary cage,—that's his house."

"Thank you, sir; good morning."

The disgusted and impatient Thomas then led the way into the street.

"So that's not Dudley?" he demanded, turning to his companion the moment they were beyond earshot.

"No," answered the latter, "not Dudley,—though like him in a way."

"Quite sure there's no mistake, now?"

"Oh! most positive," reiterated Loomis; "I couldn't be mistaken about Dudley;—besides, that man is several years older than he is."

Thomas would not be satisfied, however. His friend might have forgotten—he might have been thinking of some one else,—the man's whiskers had grown,—his accent was perhaps feigned,—in short, there were so many very excellent reasons why Goodhue must be Dudley, that—that—really Mr. Loomis must be so kind as to go and speak with him, and have another good, square look at him.

It was then arranged for the insurance man to call at once at Goodhue's, and engage that person in conversation about a house next door which chanced to be for rent. If he saw any grounds for revising his previous judgment, and coming to the conclusion that he had found the forger, a signal had been agreed on which would bring Thomas to his side in a moment. The latter took post in the street near by, chafing with impatience, and fretted beyond measure by repeated discomfiture and delays.

On ringing at the door of 396, it was Goodhue himself who answered the bell; and without any show of reluctance or trepidation he held civil converse with the pretended house-hunter for a space of several minutes.

Once more the Pittsburger rejoined Mr. Thomas, and shaking his head determinedly:—

"That's not Dudley," he repeated.

Within an hour from this singular and provoking misadventure, the detective and his companion took their leave of Salem. At Lynn, the village pearl of Massachusetts Bay, they made a fresh pause and a fresh search; but nothing resulted except fresh disappointment. Early in the afternoon they were at dinner together in Boston, apparently as far from success as ever.

The searchers began now their grand exploration of the city, on the chance to encounter Dudley at large in some of its promenades.

And so, each taking a side-walk, and advancing somewhat abreast, the detective and his companion threaded their way watchfully among the circulating thousands of Boston. Any one at all conforming to the general outline of Dudley, became, for either or both, the object of a hurried scrutiny. If Thomas got the impression that he recognized him in some passing citizen, he would summon Loomis to his side to verify or correct,—but invariably the latter, as it chanced. If Loomis noticed a pedestrian with some feature of close resemblance to Dudley, he would call Thomas to remark it, that henceforth he might associate it with the forger himself. And thus it came to pass, that with the nose and chin of one Bostonian, the eyes and mouth of another, and the figure, gait, and general style of others, the detective had constructed for him a fresh portrait of Dudley, which was at least an improvement on what he had conceived from the written descriptions.

In this way the hours were passed until sundown, but neither in street, nor square, nor promenade, nor in the beautiful Boston Common,—which that day was thronged with legions of gay New Englanders,—could a glimpse be obtained of the object of such keen solicitude.

After supper there was no better success, although the audiences of two or three theatres were included among the crowds inspected.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A DEADLOCK ALL AROUND—MRS. PELHAM'S LITTLE SCHEME TO INDUCE LIZZIE GREENLEAF TO ACCOMPANY HER TO BOSTON PROVES A FAILURE.

IN Pittsburg, meanwhile Mrs. Pelham continued to intrigue, and Delaney to shadow. For the detective, each passing day was now but a repetition of the preceding one. There was so little in the movements of Miss Greenleaf that was out of the regular routine, that the detective's duty was monotonous and unfruitful. That she still maintained a correspondence with her sister in New England, was placed beyond doubt by her own avowal. But aside from the fact that she had twice put letters into a street postal-box, Delaney could acquire no knowledge whatever of this correspondence. One stolen glance at an envelope would have given him the precious secret; but no such chance seemed likely to happen.

Mrs. Pelham, as we have seen, was scarcely more successful. In every conversation with Lizzie the latter had continued to be as guarded of Dudley's address as she was in her terse communication to Wales. The lady, in short, was making no progress whatever.

Mr. Bangs had now supplied Mrs. Pelham with letters of introduction to some prominent citizens of Pittsburg, ostensibly to facilitate her start in business. If the delay or non-execution of this project should occasion any surprise to Lizzie, the display of such letters would at least prevent mistrust. For the girl to feel satisfied that her new-made friend was acting in good faith, was of all things essential to the growth of their friendly relations.

And sure enough the cautious young damsel inquired of the lady if she had furnished herself with such letters.

It was so reasonable that a person should do so who contemplated a business venture in a strange city, that the question came up very naturally in one of their conferences about the new store. It was answered with a ready affirmative, and in a matter-of-fact way; and the perusal soon after of some of the letters themselves, seemed to remove from Lizzie a cloud of gathering doubt.

Herself and Lizzie now enjoyed the same magazines and books; consulted each other's tastes in affairs of dress; and pondered together the news-topics of the day; but all without attaining to the end we had in view. Lizzie spoke no more of Etta and her husband; Mrs. Pelham feared to broach the subject, or found no suitable occasion.

"To make a finish of this "masterly inactivity," I now suggested to Bangs that our lady detective should in some way persuade Miss Greenleaf to make a flying visit to Boston with her, she paying the double expense as an inducement to the girl. The Superintendent wrought out this idea fully in a letter of instructions to Mrs. Pelham; and to get over her unacquaintance with the city,—for, in sooth, she had never been there,—he arranged to have a detective meet them and officiate as her "cousin" and escort. Delaney was to follow closely if the ladies left Pittsburg; and to shadow Lizzie in Boston until she came in contact with the Dudleys.

The morning after she had received these instructions Mrs. Pelham called at the store, with the momentous purpose of buying a pair of gloves.

"Are you going out at noon to-day?" she inquired of Miss Greenleaf, while the latter was stretching the gloves for her.

"Yes," replied Lizzie, "I am going to my sister's in Alleghany City; Grandma is there this morning, and I have promised I would meet her."

"Oh! that's really too bad," exclaimed Mrs. Pelham, "I was in hopes you would be disengaged, as I had some

business matters to talk to you about;—I must wait, I suppose, until you are more at liberty."

"Business!" repeated the girl, with manifest interest, "you can say what you please right here,—no one will interrupt us."

"Well, I simply want to know can you get a leave of absence from the store?"

"How?—for an hour or two, is it?"

"Oh! more than that;—I mean for a week or two."

"Quite impossible," returned Lizzie, in a decided manner; "why, we are only just getting into the busy season, and absence is out of the question until the regular vacation time, last of July, or beginning of August;—we all get a week's rest about then."

"Dear me! I am sorry," said the lady, in a tone of disappointment; "I wanted you so much to go East with me to select a stock of goods."

"What!" exclaimed Miss Greenleaf, her face all aglow with satisfaction; "would you trust me to buy a stock of goods for you?"

"I certainly should," was the answer; "I have observed you quite closely, and I feel sure that with what I know myself, and your experience in the requirements of a western trade, we could select a very saleable invoice."

Lizzie laughed pleasantly.

"I am altogether too little," she said, "for such a big responsibility."

"Nevertheless, I would trust you entirely," repeated Mrs. Pelham.

The compliment seemed very agreeable to the young clerk, who now inquired if Mrs. Pelham had at last decided to go into business in Pittsburg.

"Oh! yes, that's about settled," replied the lady; "but the goods I want now are not for my own business, but for a store in Iowa belonging to a cousin of mine."

"I am greatly flattered and obliged, indeed," observed Lizzie, regretfully, "and I would certainly go if it were

at all possible. But why not buy here, Mrs. Pelham?—we have a large stock of goods and will sell you very low.”

“That may be,” said the lady, “but still you must have your commission on them; and I know I could do better in the large wholesale houses of Boston,—particularly as I have some friends there.

“I am so sorry,” renewed Lizzie; “but you are far from strong yourself, Mrs. Pelham,—I don’t think you should undertake such a fatiguing journey.”

“I have been so entreated,” answered that lady, resignedly, “that I can scarcely see how to get out of it. It depends on how I feel, though;—I may still telegraph my cousin that I cannot possibly go for him.”

The conversation now touched on other matters, and momentarily on Mrs. Marsh’s health, of which Lizzie stated there was a great improvement, but that the lady was not yet out of danger.

“It’s just my luck,” added the girl, pettishly; “I don’t expect anything else but that when my vacation comes round, she will be so sick that I cannot get to Boston.”

“You have written your other sister then, that you are going to visit her during vacation?”

“I have; although Grandma says I must not go. It is so long since we have lived together that she wants to keep me to herself all summer.”

“Gracious!—You may not go at all, then?”

Mrs. Pelham was sick of unsuccess.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MRS. PELHAM, THE SHREWD LADY DETECTIVE, ENDEAVOURS TO FURTHER ENSNARE MISS LIZZIE GREENLEAF, AND THOUGH BEATEN BY THAT QUITE AS SHREWD LITTLE INDIVIDUAL AT EVERY POINT, STILL RETAINS THE LATTER'S CONFIDENCE.

MISS GREENLEAF was now several days absent from the store. No clue to the actual cause was discovered by Delaney, until Mrs. Pelham had learned at Dunstable's that Lizzie was ill. During this period of enforced inaction Mrs. Pelham was literally on the rack, filled with anxiety for her mission and burning with impatience at its failure of results. A multitude of new schemes for obtaining the forger's address were hourly revolved in her brain, and with those which had been suggested by Mr. Bangs, rehearsed to happy issue in the silent chambers of her thoughts. To put some of them to test on the very first opportunity at length became her firm and prevailing purpose.

The occasion was not very long in presenting itself. Going into Dunstable's one morning at ten o'clock; she found to her relief that Lizzie was again at her post. The girl appeared much pleased at the visit; and explained her absence by stating that she had suffered from a spell of neuralgic face-ache,—of which, indeed, the traces were yet visible. Her sister's health was also spoken of, and her sufferings in a perilous crisis feelingly recounted.

Mrs. Pelham now fell back on the usual shopping pretext, and requested to be shown some heavy veils and then some traveling gloves, in both of which articles she made an investment. While thus engaged she asked Lizzie if she would not call on her in the hotel at noon-time.

The girl replied that she had brought her dinner with her and did not intend leaving the store that day.

In the interval of restraint which followed, the detective felt as if at her wits end; but with the latest communication from Bangs fresh in her memory, she resolved on a supreme effort to satisfy his urgency. The lace counter happened to be just then unoccupied, and moving that way she begged Lizzie to show her down some laces she had been examining on a previous occasion. While they were occupied in comparing the different patterns she observed to the young girl:

"I am so glad to have found you at the store this morning, for I am going out of town, and feared I might not see you again."

Lizzie looked up at her with unfeigned concern.

"Going!" she exclaimed; "where to? I did think rather strange of your getting those gloves, and that thick veil; but it never once occurred to me that you were going to leave the city."

"I am sorry it must be so," said Mrs. Pelham, "but my cousin is quite sick, and thinks it better for me to go East for him,—even if I must go alone."

"And so you are really going?"

"Yes; I must go to-morrow morning—although to tell the truth I don't feel quite strong enough to make the journey at present. I have just sent a final dispatch to Mr. Kel'y, to induce him, if possible, to order his goods through the commission house,—but I have no idea that he will purchase in that way."

Mrs. Pelham here took out her pocket-book, and extracting from it a card and pencil, said:

"Now, Miss Greenleaf, if you will give me your sister's address I will make an effort to call on her while in Boston."

The lady looked straight into Lizzie's face as she waited for the pregnant answer. With supreme composure the young girl replied:

"I would with pleasure, but I don't know where she is."

"What?—you don't know where your sister is?"

"No; I know she is in Boston, but I don't know in what part."

"You don't know the street and number then?"

"I do not, indeed;—I only heard once from her since she went to Boston, and then they were on the point of going to housekeeping."

"How can you direct your letters, if not?"

"Sister Etta told me to address her simply to Boston, Massachusetts."

"My goodness!—I should think it strange if such letters would ever reach her in so large a city," observed the lady.

"I suppose it is," responded Lizzie, in a meek, undemonstrative way.

"Then if you had gone to Boston with me you couldn't have found her?"

"Oh! yes, I should; in that case I'd have written to her first, and Etta would be sure to come meet me."

Thus far Mrs. Pelham had been utterly worsted, but like a good general she decided to retreat with her face to the enemy.

"Have you told her," she now inquired, unaffectedly, "that your other sister was so very sick?"

"Not yet," replied Lizzie; "I have been expecting every day to get a letter from her, and shall not tell her till I do."

"I am always on my stepping-stones," she added, with assumed stateliness, "if I do not hear from Etta just about so often."

"Well," said the tranquil Mrs. Pelham, "I am really disappointed;—I should so like to have seen the sister who resembles you so closely as you say she does."

"I am sorry I can't help it," said the girl; "I wish I could tell you where she lives."

Mrs. Pelham had now selected the lace, and after looking into her purse, exclaimed:

"How very provoking to be sure! I have been so flurried

about leaving town that I didn't think of having to buy this lace to-day,—but I have no intention of letting this pretty pattern be lost. Now, Miss Greenleaf, if I take it will you bring it over to the Diamond at noontime, and have some dinner with me, and I shall pay you for it there. Ever since I came to Pittsburg I have made it a practice not to carry much money with me in the streets."

"I can send the boy over with it," suggested the distracting Lizzie.

"No, no; that won't do;—I must see you once more before I leave the city."

"Well, well, I'll come over," said Lizzie with a laugh,—"that is, if nobody elopes with me in the meanwhile."

Mrs. Pelham now returned to the hotel. Her attempt to surprise from Lizzie the whereabouts of her brother-in-law had failed like the rest; but she was by no means yet at the end of her resources. So long as she was not actually discovered, and could see and speak with the girl at all, the chances of success were still worth depending on. Nor had there been anything in the morning's conversation,—exceptional as it was,—to indicate on the part of Lizzie a waning trust, or a doubt that her customer was in all respects truthful. Either the girl really did not, as she had stated, know of her sister's exact address; or it was the one reservation on which she was guarded against every approach.

The first thing, then, for Mrs. Pelham to do, was *not* to go away from Pittsburg.

The noon dinner-hour had in great part expired when Lizzie came in with the little parcel of lace. To her amazement, her friend was crying bitterly, while her face showed the traces of abundant weeping.

"Why—Mrs. Pelham! what *ever* can be the matter with you? have you heard bad news?"

"Oh! Miss Greenleaf—I little dreamed—" sobbed out the lady, between her spasms of grief, "I little knew what a source of wretchedness I carried in my hand from the

post-office this sad morning. It is only since I came in that I got a chance—that I managed to read—that long letter from my sister”—here she indicated the letter on the window-sill—“and ah! she is in such sad trouble, indeed. Do, pray excuse me, Miss Greenleaf, for I—I’m—so overwhelmed—so—”

“What has happened to her?” inquired the girl, in tones of friendly anxiety. “Is she sick,—has she been hurt?”

“No, no, no,” exclaimed the weeping woman, “but I dare not speak of it—of her afflictions—eagerly as I crave for sympathy at such a moment.”

“Really, dear Mrs. Pelham,” said the good-hearted girl, “I feel very, very sorry to see you in such distress.”

“Thank you, dear child, thank you; you are the only soul in Pittsburg in whom I have one particle of trust.

It was only, however, after another interval of sobs and tears, and sympathetic assurances from Lizzie, that the lady managed to falter out that her poor sister, Mrs. White, had a good husband, a very good husband indeed, but he was lately in such terrible trouble that she often found herself wishing that her sister had no husband at all!

“Indeed, the world might be all the better if a good many of the husbands were dead and out of it,” interposed the philosophic young maiden.

But Mrs. Pelham struggled bravely on, and informed Lizzie how Mrs. White was almost insane over the disgrace of her chosen partner. He had been a stock speculator, she said, and a few months before had bought some Union Pacific bonds, and sold them again, and they turned out to be forgeries;—Mr. White, of course being ignorant of the last dreadful fact. But notwithstanding his innocence, he had been followed all over the country by *them*—the meanest of all created beings—Pinkerton’s detectives, and at last they had caught him, and were holding him in jail at Cleveland, Ohio.

Lizzie here stamped her little foot on the floor, and gave vent to the opinion that there was "nothing in the world too vile for the same despicable crew,—those detectives would hire out their very souls, and swear just as they were ordered, without the least regard for truth!"

When sufficiently composed to do so Mrs. Pelham paid Lizzie for the lace, and begged her to stay and take dinner with her; but this the girl declined on the plea of having lunched at the store.

With a sigh of martyr-like resignation the lady then rang to have her own dinner brought to the room; whereupon Lizzie started up to go, first turning towards the dressing-table to arrange her hat,—a movement which, with consummate knowledge of her sex, Mrs. Pelham had correctly anticipated. The telegram so carefully—yet carelessly—displayed, of course caught her eye.

"Oh? you have got a despatch?" she inquired.

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Pelham, with a faint smile of returning animation, "just a little before you came in;—you will see it is from Cousin Kelly, who at last consents to manage his purchases through some eastern commission house."

Lizzie did take a glance at the telegram, and appeared much pleased that such was its purport.

"Oh! I am glad," she said: "it would be harder than ever for you to go East just at present."

Shortly afterwards she went out, Mrs. Pelham seeing her to the head of the staircase.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MISS GREENLEAF HERSELF TURNS DETECTIVE AND ASKS LEADING QUESTIONS.—A NOTABLE INTERVIEW.—A CURIOUS CHANGE IN DUNSTABLE & CO.'S CLERK.—NO FURTHER TRACES OF THE FORGER.

TO sustain the fiction used by our lady Operative, Mr. Linden now enclosed a letter to a friend in Cleveland, to be immediately remailed to Mrs. Pelham, at Pittsburg. The letter purported to be from Mrs. White to her "dearest sister," thanking her exuberantly for the comfort conveyed in some imaginary communication, and continuing the gloomy records of her own troubles. The design of it simply was, that it might be opportunely shown to Lizzie, and reassure her thoroughly as to Mrs. Pelham's truthfulness, as well as engage all her sympathies for a friend whose family associations were so distressingly like her own.

The necessity for just such credentials had meanwhile been made painfully apparent at the very theatre of action. It was several days subsequent to the episode at the Diamond Hotel before Mrs. Pelham again met Lizzie at Dunstable's store. In the interval, however,—and indeed on the very day after,—Delaney had observed the girl reading a letter with deep attention, as she walked back from Alleghany City after a noon visit at her sister's.

On this occasion, when Mrs. Pelham called, Lizzie received her with unusual warmth, and explained to her how the illness of her other sister, Mrs. Stacey, had detained her a couple of days at her Auntie's house. Various other topics were then discoursed about, when the girl interposed quite quite voluntarily :

"What do you think, Mrs. Pelham,—my visit to Boston will have to be given up!"

"What!—given up?" returned the astonished lady.

"Yes," explained the girl; "I have had a letter from sister Etta, and they are gone to New York."

Mr. Pelham became anxious—and also suspicious.

"Have they left Boston for good?" she placidly inquired.

"It seems so," said Lizzie, "they got tired of it, or rather he did, and now they are in New York. They don't exactly know, either, where they will go next;—he is never very long contented anywhere."

"Of course they have friends in New York?" pursued the detective.

"Oh! yes; but I doubt not they are at a hotel,—sister didn't exactly say; but she did say she was very tired of travelling all the time, and would come to stay with me a while during the summer,—though she dislikes Pittsburg so much that I hardly think she will stay very long."

"When did you hear of this change from her?" was next inquired, with seeming unconcern.

"Two or three mornings ago,—I forget which,—I know they wrote on the first. Goodness knows where they will be next time they write;—they are always flitting about so."

"Well, if his business is travelling I suppose they can't well do otherwise," serenely observed Mrs. Pelham.

"True, but he might go into some other business," rejoined the girl.

"Why don't you send him a good scold of a letter, then?"

"Indeed," said Lizzie, with a show of petulance, "I shan't write to Etta for weeks now, just because she has kept me waiting so long this time."

A turn now came in the conversation, some trifling purchases were made, and some time expended in immaterial gossip. Once more the spell was broken by Lizzie,

who almost startled Mrs. Pelham by the oddity of her questions.

"Do you know a man named Harry Norman?" was the singular inquiry.

The lady had heard the question very distinctly, but to get her thoughts well under control she pretended not.

"What did you say?" she returned.

"Did you ever meet a Mr. Norman when you were in New York?"

"Norman?—Norman?" echoed Mrs. Pelham reflectively.

"Yes; his first name was Harry."

"Well, it does seem to me—I imagine I have known some one by that name;—I think it was the name of a gentleman whom I once met at a New York hotel; he was a drummer for a dry-goods house. Was that your friend's business?"

"Oh! he's not my friend," replied Lizzie, quickly; "only I met him about two years ago."

"Harry Norman is a pretty name," observed Mrs. Pelham.

"Yes, and he is a real pleasant fellow," asserted Lizzie.

"The more I think of it the more I believe that the person I met was called Norwood," said the lady;—but still it may have been the same. What kind of looking man is he."

"Rather good looking," answered Lizzie; I think he has a light moustache. Have you ever seen a Mr. Wales?"

"Wales!" exclaimed the lady, who at this point could scarce have been startled at anything; "what a queer name that is, to be sure."

"Yes, I think so too."

Looking her catechist soberly in the face, Mrs. Pelham gave the reply that she "never remembered hearing the name except as a country in geographies."

"That's so," rejoined Lizzie with a light metallic laugh that struck unpleasantly on the ears of the anxious detective.

"Are they friends of your brother-in-law?" now ventured the latter.

"No, no; not at all."

"Oh! I thought you might have met them while visiting your sister in New York."

"No," repeated Lizzie, "I met them while they were here in Pittsburg."

"What business is Mr. Wales engaged in?"

At this question Lizzie flushed somewhat: then laughed a little, and said: "I don't really know. I believe they are generally in New York; anyhow I know they are there often."

This fitful conversation took still another turn, during which Lizzie once remarked, and again without any prompting:

"Well, I am not so sorry after all that Etta has left Boston, for they might now stay in New York, and I should just as soon visit them there."

This notable interview was soon after terminated, and the first step of the bewildered Mrs. Pelham was to telegraph the Agency that Lizzie had asserted Dudley to be in New York on the first of May.

From reflections of the General Superintendent resulted two further inferences: First, that Dudley had not left Boston, or at least its vicinity; second, that we should scarcely ever learn from Lizzie precisely where he was.

Everything in her previous intercourse with Mrs. Pelham had gone to show that she told the natural truth, so far as that truth went. Everything in this latest interview gave evidence of premeditation, and a design to mislead. Either the girl had been strongly cautioned, or of herself became alarmed at her imprudent confidences,—and which ever way we looked at it, it seemed certain she would not repeat them.

Such, indeed, proved to be the case. Three or four days afterwards Mrs. Pelham found a chance to let her see the letter of the afflicted Mrs. White, and apparently

it brought Lizzie some mental comfort,—as if she had been led to mistrust every movement of her friend. But withal she did not speak further of Etta unless when strongly constrained, and only a few casual references were made to the couple that had removed so suddenly from Boston to New York.

Once, indeed, in alluding to them she accidentally mentioned them as living in Boston,—then she blushed, stammered, and quickly corrected herself by substituting New York. Mrs. Pelham did not pretend to notice either the blunder or its correction; though together they affirmed clearly that the Superintendent was right in both his conclusions.

Meanwhile Messrs. Thomas and Loomis had been actively engaged in the search for the outlaw. Although the Pittsburger had failed to indentify Goodhue, the possibility that he might have forgotten his man, or be associating the name of Dudley with a different individual, inspired us to send on to Salem some other person who had known the forger. For this purpose we selected Mr. Grattan, the printer, introduced to my readers in the early part of this narrative, when Dudley, as Cone, was planning his forgeries in Philadelphia. This gentleman accordingly went to Salem, and under direction of Mr. Thomas procured an interview with Goodhue, the detective himself being conveniently nigh at hand. The result was no better than before. Goodhue was not Cone, and therefore not Dudley.

CHAPTER XXXV.

RISKING MUCH TO GAIN MUCH.—MR. PINKERTON ORDERS A BOLD MOVE.—SOME PECULIAR TELEGRAMS.—THE WARY LITTLE CLERK FALLS A VICTIM TO THE NEW STRATAGEMS.—AND THE ASSUMED NAME OF THE FORGER IS AT LAST SECURED.

AT this time I was at my Chicago headquarters after a hard winter's work. During the progress of this case I had brought to an issue other operations of no less magnitude. With the first breath of summer, I was now longing for an interval of rest—for a change, be it ever so brief, from the ceaseless grind of duty, to the refreshing indolence of a "spell in the country."

But looking over these disheartening, interminable Dudley reports, I was almost in despair. When would this operation be at an end?—when should I get my coveted holiday?—for take it I would not with the case in suspense.

"Here we are," I reflected, "and the summer is almost with us; Mrs. Pelham is in Pittsburg at the very end of her string; Thomas lingers in Boston, trailing along a string that has no end; and meanwhile the Post Office authorities want Wales, the Express Company is getting impatient, and Dudley is still at large, with all the world before him where to choose. It will certainly never do to fight it out on this line all the summer. We must have a bolder policy—risk much to gain much—and that without delay."

Monday morning following,—as the first move in the new programme.—there arrived in the city of Pittsburg another of our detectives, Mr. Delaney having been recalled a week or so before. To this, officer Mr. J. C. Gabe, Mrs. Pelham had been directed to point out Miss Greeleaf at the first opportunity, either by bringing her

out to the show window of the store, or in some other effectual way. Thenceforth it became the duty of Mr. Gabe to shadow every movement of Lizzie.

In compliance with the above programme, the "spot" on Miss Greenleaf was duly obtained on Monday afternoon; and on that and the following day Mr. Gabe saw her to and from Dunstable's as Delaney had done for several weeks before. There was this difference now, however, that Lizzie, having removed into the country with her grandmother, to see her to the train which bore her nightly from Pittsburg was equivalent to seeing her safely home. On the Wednesday morning, after shadowing her for the second time from the depot to the store, Mr. Gabe, remained near the latter on vigilant guard.

Punctually at nine o'clock on the same Wednesday morning, Mr. Thomas despatched from Boston the following telegram.

"MISS LIZZIE GREENLEAF,

at Messrs. Dunstable Bros., Pittsburg.

"Husband badly hurt on cars. Come at once. Will meet you at depot. Answer as before. Paid here.

"ETTA."

The detective who launched out this decoy had also his instructions of a contingent character. I had calculated that on the delivery of the message to Miss Greenleaf one or more of three events would follow; she would in all probability send a telegraphic reply; she would also be likely to mail a letter to her sister;—and she might, either immediately or within a day or two, proceed in person to Boston. This last course would, to us, have been the most acceptable to all; as it must have led our shadows direct, and with the least loss of time, to the forger's hiding place. Precisely what did happen will now appear.

In Pittsburg it was about half-past ten o'clock when Mr. Gabe saw the telegraph messenger entering Dunstable's Store. This was one of the contingencies for which he had been prepared,—in fact, he already knew what the telegram was, and for whom intended. But nothing now could be left to mere hap-hazard;—every step and circumstance must be assured and verified.

In the space of about half a minute the detective passed slowly by the door, and with a sweeping glance inward observed at a rear counter Miss Greenleaf reading the dispatch, and the boy standing by as if waiting for the answer. Turning on his heel immediately Gabe went into the store, and engaged one of the assistants near the front with some aimless inquiries, just long enough to perceive that Lizzie was writing a message at the book-keeper's desk, and the telegraph boy seated, evidently waiting to take charge of it. Without losing another moment the detective was again in the street, and watching at a little distance for the lad to come forth.

In due time the messenger stepped out, with the freshly written paper folded into his despatch book.

Now, indeed, had come the crowning emergency—to the detective, to Bangs, to myself, to all of us;—for in that dispatch of Miss Greenleaf must be the forger's address!

The boy at once took the direction of the telegraph station—which was distant about four blocks—but with that listless indifference to haste which is a characteristic of youths of his profession. When about two blocks of the way he was overtaken by a staid, clerkly-looking man, without any hat, and with a pen projecting over his ear, who tapped him on the shoulder, and somewhat breathlessly demanded:

"Say, bub, it's you that's just been to Dunstable's?"

"Yessir, that's me."

"I'm so glad I overtook you. Miss Greenleaf left out a word in that message she has just given you, and she

hurried me after you to stick it in. Lady couldn't run out of the store herself, you know."

"Bub" looked, and listened, and hesitated,—and with a dim consciousness of his exact duty seemed inclined to go back to the lady herself.

"Here,—you know I'm the book-keeper at Dunstable's,—she gave me this quarter dollar for you, so that you shouldn't delay; take this pencil and write the word in yourself—I'll show you where,—it will answer just the same."

Thus appealed to the boy no longer resisted, and at once spread the paper out on the cover of his book, so that Mr. Gabe,—for he was the pretended book-keeper, could point out where the word was wanting. There being already ten words in the message the only one the officer could suggest was the word "Greenleaf," which he caused the lad to write after the "Lizzie," with which the despatch was signed.

"You see," he said, complacently, as he left the boy to proceed, "they mightn't think who it was from unless Miss Greenleaf wrote her full name."

Brief as this opportunity was, the detective had time enough to commit to memory the address and contents of the telegram, which were as follows:

"MRS. E. H. PURCELL,

Boston, Mass.

"Cannot possibly go. Marcella sick. Alone in country with Grandmamma.

"LIZZIE."

Donning the soft hat which he now took out of his pocket, Mr. Gabe hastened to another telegraph station, and after transmitting Lizzie's telegram to the Agency, returned at once to his post near Dunstable's. At noon Miss Greenleaf left the store as usual, and hurriedly pre-

ceeded to her sister's house in Alleghany City. Here she spent the greater part of an hour, and on her return dropped a letter into a street postal-box, and next went into a telegraph station and forwarded another despatch.

What either of these contained, of course, Gabe had no means of knowing, but according to his instructions he again telegraphed the facts. Once more he resumed his watch until evening; saw Miss Greenleaf to the Cumberland Valley Railroad, and into the train that was to carry her to her country home; and then remained at the depot until such a late hour that he knew she could not again get to Pittsburg before morning.

On his return to the hotel Gabe found awaiting him a despatch from Mr. Bangs, cautioning him that Lizzie had said in her second despatch that she might yet go East. He was therefore to continue on his shadow duty until further orders,—being ready at all moments to jump on the same train with her if she left the city.

Mrs. Pelham had been notified to continue as if nothing happened, but be keenly on the alert if Lizzie should again express willingness to go to Boston; proposing to accompany her if it could be done without exciting suspicion.

We must now rejoin Mr. Thomas at Boston, if we would see what had been gained by this startling telegram of the morning. About an hour after noon he received a dispatch from Mr. Linden, telling him that Lizzie had sent a reply addressed to Mrs. E. H. Purcell, and that it was to be procured at the telegraph office under that name. This he found it easy to do by means of a written order purporting to be from that lady, and all the easier that he was himself known as the person who telegraphed in the morning to Miss Greenleaf of Pittsburg.

Before three o'clock he had another telegram informing him that Lizzie had sent a second dispatch, which he was to obtain in like manner, and telegraph a copy back to the New York Agency, where its contents were as yet

unknown. In this also he was successful, the despatch so obtained and re-transmitted being as follows:

"MRS. E. H. PURCELL,
Boston, Massachusetts.

"May come later, but would not know where to go.
See to-day's letter.

"LIZZIE."

This latter, it will be seen, was the telegram which Lizzie forwarded on her way to the store from Alleghany City, and the letter referred to in it, the letter she had then mailed. It was also the inspiration of the Agency telegram which Mr. Gabe received late at night, directing him to stand by his post on the chance of Lizzie taking train for the East.

Now, if anything was clear from these two telegrams of Lizzie, it was that Dudley was using the name of Mrs. E. H. Purcell as a cover for his correspondence, and that this address—incomplete as it was—had already sufficed to bring his sister-in-law's letters to him. If she were possessed of a more detailed one, she would certainly use it for her telegrams in this hour of calamity; and indeed the second dispatch proved beyond doubt that she did not know of any, and that Dudley had never confided to her his exact whereabouts in Boston. After all, the girl had told Mrs. Pelham the truth; and excepting the protective name of Purcell, we really knew as much a month before, as by stratagem we had now learned.

But this name was everything. Thomas did not need to wait for instructions to betake himself at once to the General Delivery-room at the post office, and there to watch—with Loomis in the near neighbourhood—for the person who might call for a letter for Mrs. E. H. Purcell. Whether rarely or frequently, it was evident that this was the only place at which the forger could obtain letters so indefinitely addressed.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE NET DRAWING CLOSER AND CLOSER AROUND THE CRIMINAL—PREPARATIONS FOR DUDLEY'S RECEPTION AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE--THE FINAL CAPTURE OF THE FORGER—A SIMPLE DEVICE DISCLOSES HIS RESIDENCE AND RECOVERS THE PLUNDER.—THE END.

MR. BANGS now decided to make a trip to Boston. He felt that the conclusion of the operation was now at hand, and that fitting arrangements should be made on the field of battle. Everything had been staked for an early triumph; and the smallest hitch or misconstruction might shatter all our plans. Neither to the mail or the telegraph, therefore, would he intrust those final instructions on which the victorious issue depended.

Starting from New York in the afternoon he found Mr. Thomas shortly before midnight in the Sherman House, in Boston. The detective was better pleased to see him than a dozen letters, for he was not a little oppressed with the responsibility of his mission, and naturally felt relieved when under the guidance of his sagacious chief.

"Has Miss Greenleaf's letter arrived?" was the first question of the General Superintendent, as soon as they were closeted safe from intrusion.

"It has, sir;—it is now in the post office," replied the detective.

"How?—In the General Delivery office?"

"Yes; it is assorted with the other letters under the initial P."

"How have you learned this?"

"Well, this morning I prepared a written order in a woman's handwriting,—signed, of course, for Mrs. E. H. Purcell,—and presented myself at the delivery window, asking for that lady's letters. The clerk took down all the mail matter in the box P., and running over the let-

ters, handed me one so addressed. I saw that it had the Pittsburgh postmark on, and was mailed yesterday."

"Then I walked a few steps away from the window, and returned again with the letter to the clerk, saying; 'This is a mistake, sir; there must be another Mrs. E. H. Purcell.—My sister has no correspondent in Pittsburgh.' He took back the letter from me, and I saw him replace it in the same box."

"Good; we are now entirely certain that Lizzie has used that address before, and that Dudley either comes or sends for the letters of his wife. Can you see this box P from the hall outside?"

"Oh, quite well;—there is a glass partition through which all the alphabetical boxes are plainly visible."

"Is there anything externally striking about Miss Greenleaf's letter?"

"No, sir; it has a common buff envelope, like hundreds of others."

"How near can you stand to the delivery window without being in the way of traffic, and at the same time without appearing to watch it?"

"I should say from four to eight yards."

"So that if a boy or a strange woman," pursued Mr. Bangs, "were to call for Mrs. Purcell's letter, you could scarcely tell when it was handed out?"

"Not very well, sir,—or not at all, perhaps, without going close to the railing, and hearing the person apply for it."

"It will never do to rely on that," said Mr. Bangs, seriously; "we must know beyond peradventure the very moment that letter is called for. If it gets out without our knowledge, all is lost; for Dudley will take immediate flight on learning that snares are being laid in Boston for him."

After a brief interval of reflection he next inquired of Thomas if any registered letters were delivered at that window, and what was the process?

"It would seem," replied the detective, "that very few registered letters are addressed to the General Delivery at all; and when there are any, they are not kept there. Instead of that, I find that a red card with the same address is put into the proper box, and takes its place with the letters under the same initial. Then when the owner appears, this card is given to him, and he takes it to the Registered Letter department where he is expected to prove his identity, and sign the receipt for his letter."

"I presume you have seen some of those red cards handed out?"

"Only one during the entire day," was the reply of Thomas, "nor did I observe another in any of the boxes."

"If there were any of them, I suppose you could discern them from the outside?"

"All the time, sir; the card could be distinguished twenty yards away."

This was precisely what was wanted. The Superintendent now directed Mr. Thomas to register and mail the first thing in the morning, a decoy envelope addressed to Mrs. E. H. Purcell, as for the General Delivery. This would have the effect of placing in the box P a red card with the same name upon it; and as long as there was anything with that address, so conspicuous that it could not be passed out without Thomas seeing it, he must infallibly know when the Pittsburg letter was applied for—both being certain to be handed down to the applicant. As a further precaution, however, he was also to mail for her a very large, tinted envelope, which he would be enabled to see in the box at all times, and to miss on the moment of its removal.

In the morning Mr. Bangs visited the Postmaster of Boston, and informing him that we were in pursuit of a noted law breaker, who would call at the General Delivery office for letters, requested permission for our detectives to remain around the buildings so long as their watch might be necessary. The official readily consented, and

gave the needful orders to the chief janitor, that Mr. Thomas and his associate should be spared all notice or interference. He further graciously suggested—on learning that the criminal was associated with mail robbers—that the office of the Special Agent, within the building, might be used as a rendezvous should occasion require it.

Before leaving Boston that night the General Superintendent gave further and fuller instructions to Thomas about the arrest of Dudley. At my suggestion he also telegraphed to Lizzie Greenleaf in the following words;

"Husband better. Shall write soon.

"ETTA."

It being evident that we were now as near to Dudley as the girl herself could get by coming to Boston there seemed to me no occasion for prolonging the disquietude which the first dispatch might have occasioned to her. It would also result that the further presence of Mr. Gabe in Pittsburg could be dispensed with.

The only weak spot in our armor now, was that Dudley might write to his sister-in-law a letter which would show that she had been played upon. Of this we were scarcely apprehensive, however, for Lizzie herself had told us that the forger was the last who wrote—or anyhow his wife,—and it was much more likely he would first call at the post-office for the answer to their letter. For the rest, we would depend on Mrs. Pelham, who was more than ever in the good graces of Lizzie, and would perceive any symptoms that might betoken a collapse.

Several times when letters were applied for from the same compartment, the delivery clerk would take down and glance at the red ticket, and the big eccentric envelope. They were never brought to the window, though, and had merely been examined to refresh a laggard memory. By-and-by they remained altogether undis-

turbed, as if both the clerks at the delivery desk had become familiar with their superscription.

On Sundays there was but a single hour of this watch duty, and the detectives spent the remainder of the day in patrolling Boston and its suburbs, in hopes to meet Dudley, or get a glimpse of the brass canary cage. In the evening, too, they visited theatres and resorts innumerable, hoping to discover him among the votaries of pleasure. But all these various researches were as fruitless as ever.

Thus the time passed until the thirtieth of May. Thomas had been at his post as usual from the opening of the office. Delaney was within hail, but a little way retired. Neither expected anything else than another long day of monotonous vigilance.

About half-past ten o'clock on this morning, a gentleman stepped briskly up to the delivery window whose appearance caused an unwonted flutter in the pulse of Thomas. He could not be mistaken—every lineament was there—every feature and peculiarity were in accord with his mental portraiture; this must be none other than the forger himself!

As Thomas walked over to him, the man had already asked for letters for Mrs. E. H. Purcell, and was being informed by the clerk about the registered letter, which the ticket would enable him to claim in the proper department. Lizzie Greenleaf's letter was in his possession, however, and that was enough for Thomas. Laying his hand on his shoulder, the detective at once arrested him as Robert L. Dudley, forger of a certain draft in the city of Pittsburg, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

The criminal behaved with great coolness and self-possession. He stared out a well-affected astonishment, and gently protested that his name was not Dudley, but Rathbun, and he could prove it quite readily.

"Step this way, Mr. Rathbun, and let us see," replied

the phlegmatic Thomas, not for a moment doubting, however, that he had nabbed the right man.

Beckoning to Delaney, the detective at once took him into the office of Special Agent Fields, where he left him in charge of his companion, while he ran to the Sherman House to bring Loomis to the spot.

In a very brief space the Pittsburger arrived at the post-office, and in the most positive manner identified the prisoner as Dudley. The latter affected not to know him, and bravely endeavored to carry out his role of injured innocence. Thomas, however, immediately slipped handcuffs on him, and proceeded to search his pockets, finding therein only the unopened letters, about fifty dollars in money, and a few personal trifles of no consequence. He had also some railway tickets from Boston to Mattapan, a quiet little village some miles from the city.

As it had been ascertained from Wales that Dudley must be possessed of some nine or ten thousand dollars, usually secured on his wife's person, it became important to arrest her, and obtain the money before it could be made away with. As a bait in that direction, Thomas now impressed upon him that he must start for Pittsburg with his custodians by the three o'clock train, but, if he wanted some changes of clothing, and was willing to pay for a hack to go after them, he would meanwhile be permitted to call at his home.

By this time the prisoner was completely crestfallen, and had confessed to Loomis that there was really no mistake, that he was the R. L. Dudley who had resided in Pittsburg. He now accepted the proposition of Thomas, and a carriage was called, into which he was taken by the officers. As might be presumed, he directed them to drive to Mattapan, and as soon as they had reached that suburb he was summoned to point out his abode. This he reluctantly did, and the carriage being stopped a short distance away, Thomas and Loomis went and rang the house-bell.

THE DETECTIVE AT ONCE ARRESTED HIM AS ROBERT L. DUDLEY.



It was Lizzie Greenleaf's sister, in person, who opened the door ; and stepping into the hall quickly the detective arrested her as an accomplice of the forger—explaining that the latter was outside, a manacled prisoner. The unfortunate woman was at first paralyzed with fright ; but she soon recovered herself, and became as cool as an old jail-bird.

To the demand for Dudley's money, which was now made on her, his wife responded very stubbornly, that she had none, and knew nothing of it. Unwilling to submit her to the indignity of a personal search, Thomas employed strategy to obtain it. Keeping her securely under his eye he whispered Loomis to go back to the carriage, and urge on the forger the degrading alternative to which his wife must be exposed if she persisted longer in her refusal.

The result might be anticipated. Loomis returned from Dudley with particulars of all the plunder and how it was distributed or concealed ; with also a pencilled message to his wife, that nothing was to be gained by any attempt to withhold it from the officers. Stepping to the hall-door by permission, she received a further sign from the carriage window that such indeed was her husband's conclusion.

Mrs. Dudley then yielded, and handed Mr. Thomas—principally from its concealment in her clothing—about six thousand dollars ; of which amount half was in Government bonds, and the remainder in bills and other securities. She also surrendered the deed of the house and lots in which they were living, value for upwards of four thousand dollars more. The forger and his wife were then taken promptly to Boston, but in separate conveyances, each in charge of one of our two detectives. Before sundown Dudley was safe under bolt and bar in Suffolk street jail ; and the lady was held under arrest in a room at the Sherman House.

Protracted as it had been, and often endangered, the

issue of our operations was a complete triumph. Criminals and spoils were now alike in the hands of Justice; and her vindication was assured under the laws of the land. The unconscious blotting paper had achieved its mission as a detector. The clue in the mirror had led us safely to the end.

The remainder of my story may be briefly told, being merely that sequence of our operation which necessarily saw light in the public press.

The Adams' Express Company made an immediate attachment on the forger's property at Mattapan. With this, and the money obtained from Mrs. Dudley, as well as the plunder which had been previously disgorged by Wales, our employers were enabled to reimburse themselves for their losses on the forged draft.

The prisoners were not at once taken west, but held for a few days until taken before a United States Commissioner. By this official Dudley was remanded for trial at Pittsburg; whither he was then promptly sent and placed in gaol.

As to his wife, the Express Company generously urged that she be no further molested. She had at one stroke lost husband, home and subsistence; and as in his person the outraged law would be amply avenged, it was agreed that her punishment had been already adequate.

Almost simultaneously with their arrest Mrs. Pelham had left Pittsburg—summoned to the bedside of a dying relative—nor am I aware that she has since revisited that city of dusky distinction.

To the great relief of Mr. Linden, as of myself, Wales was taken off our hands within a very few days, and committed by the United States authorities to the same ordeal and in the same city, as Dudley.

But in good earnest the summer had now come. Dust and silence reigned in the temples of the law, and judges and attorneys were enjoying themselves with rod and gun all over the broad land. It was not until the middle of

the November following that the two criminals were tried before the United States Circuit Court at Pittsburg. There was quite sufficient evidence for the conviction of both; but to the last Dudley refused all recognition of his former confederate in crime. In the grim solitude of his prison cell, however, he was heard to revile him bitterly; and to claim, with indignant oaths, that but for the infernal vanity and gasconade of Wales, their game of plunder would never have been discovered.

Be that as it may, they were both sentenced for a like term to the Western Penitentiary, in Alleghany City, where they are still expiating their crimes by toiling under sentence of law, for the profit of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

THE END.

